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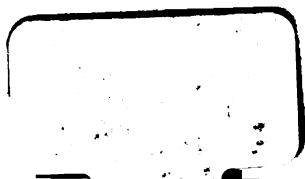
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*November 16, 1927*







21



**THE**  
**CHRISTMAS BOX.**  
**AN**  
**ANNUAL PRESENT TO YOUNG PERSONS.**

**EDITED BY**  
**T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.**



**LONDON:**  
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## OLD CHRISTMAS.



*The Lord of Misrule.*

“Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment, and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wish one another a merry Christmas! and what an omission would it have been thought to have concluded a letter without the compliments of the season!”—THE WORLD.

**THAT** we may not be reproached with any like omission to the above mentioned, we shall in the first place assure our readers we most sin-

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cerely congratulate them on the arrival of the welcome season which brings with it holidays, sports, and feasting. We would participate in, and if possible, by our New Christmas Box, contribute to their entertainment; and we wish we could shake hands with each of them in person, and repeat what we have said.

We still possess a lively remembrance of our own joy on the approach of that happy time when mince pies and merriment succeeded the half year's pilgrimage through grammars, dictionaries, copy-books, and all the other torments, as we then thought them, before we were convinced of their full benefit.

Taking it for granted that our readers, one and all, are prepared to enjoy every amusement that may be offered them, we have no doubt they will gladly travel with us some hundred years back, and inquire how the good people of former times spent their Christmas. We shall probably find that some of those pastimes, which yet make many a snug country house echo with laughter, have been handed down to us from our great great grandfathers and grandmothers.

Did you ever know of an approaching holiday without beginning to rejoice, at least, several hours before it actually arrived? So it was with the old celebrators of Christmas, who began their festivities some time before Christmas Day,

going about from door to door, playing and singing,

And wishing to the neighbours all, that in the houses dwell,

A happy year, and every thing to spring and prosper well.

No doubt, many of our readers are familiar enough with this custom, for even at present, in London, after midnight, the waits commence serenading in the streets; and, in some parts of England, the singing of Christmas carols begins as soon as December comes in, and the voices of children are heard at the door, with the ringing of a bell, or knocking till some one appears to repay their good wishes by a few halfpence.

To be sure, one cannot often say much in favour of the poetry or the music of these songs. Here is the best that we have met with:—

Now balmy zephyrs from us fly,  
To seek the gentler southern sky;  
Winds of the north their place assume,  
And wrap the day in mist and gloom;  
Where late the fields were clothed in green,  
Now winter's snowy robe is seen;—  
Then homeward haste, prepare thy cheer,  
“For Christmas comes but once a year.”

Let blazing fires on every hearth  
Illumine the glistening face of mirth;  
Let sprightly Youth his gambols play,  
And Age begin his stories gay;—

With plenty let the board be crown'd,  
But never, there, let room be found  
For sorrow past or future fear,  
" For Christmas comes but once a year."

Bless'd season of the annual close,  
Although array'd in fleecy snows,  
Thus jocund should we pass thy hours :—  
Spring is the reign of fragrant flowers ;  
Loose Summer lends his cooling shades ;  
His fruits delicious, Autumn spreads ;—  
But Mirth to thee alone is dear,  
" For Christmas comes but once a year."

Here is also part of another carol :—

Lo ! now is come our gladdest feast,  
Let every man be jolly,  
Each room with ivy leaves is dress'd,  
And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning,  
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,  
And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if with cold it chance to die,  
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,  
And evermore be merry.

It may well be imagined, from this, that Christmas is a rare time for those who love good things ; and plenty of merry-making there was formerly, for the feasting was but part of the many rejoicings.

The grand dish on Christmas Day was one not

often seen in our times; it was 'a boar's head soused,' and was carried into the hall where the



company were to dine with great state and solemnity; a particular carol, beginning with

Caput apri refero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.  
The boar's head in hand bring I,  
With garlands gay and rosemary.  
I pray you all sing merrily,  
Qui estis in convivio.—

was sung whilst it was bringing in. And you may think in how great respect this boar's head was held, when it is related, that at a grand festival in the year 1170, King Henry the Second served his son, the young prince, at table, bringing up the boar's head, with trumpeters going before him.

We can even inform our readers how the boar's head was dressed upon these occasions. Here is the receipt:—

——“if you would send up the brawler's head,  
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread;  
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,  
Or 'midst these thundering spears an orange place;



Sauce, like himself, offensive to its foes,  
The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose;  
Sack, and the well spiced hippocras, the wine;  
Wassail, the bowl with ancient ribands fine,  
Porridge with plums, and turkeys with the chine."

Sack and hippocras have long gone out of the wine-merchants' stores; but the custom of the wassail bowl is not yet quite extinct.

.This was on Christmas Day itself; but the night before, or Christmas Eve, was a grand time of celebration, and is so yet indeed. Then it was that huge candles, called Christmas candles, were lighted up, and a monstrous block of wood, half a tree perhaps, called the Yule log, was put on the fire, and the night was turned into day with the splendid blaze. Then, when the wind and snow were driving coldly around the old house, the merry inmates, warm and happy, would dance about the Christmas fire, singing such an old song as this;—

Come, bring with a noise,  
My merry, merry boys,  
The Christmas log to the firing;  
While my good dame she  
Bids you all be free,  
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

With the last year's brand  
Light the new block, and  
For good success in his spending,  
On your psalteries play,  
That sweet luck may  
Come while the log is a tending.

Drink now the strong beer,  
Cut the white loaf here,  
The while the meat is a shredding  
For the rare mince pie,  
And the plums stand by  
To fill the paste that's a kneading.

And in the daytime the villages were all in an uproar with the mummers,—people who, fantastically dressed and wearing masks, went about jumping and frolicking, to the great delight of the spectators. The Hobby-horse was an important character, and was represented by a man, who appeared to sit astride on a figure of a horse



made of thin boards, and whose rough jests and capering gave much delight to the crowds who attended the festivities. Christmas without a hobby-horse would have been thought little about formerly.

These sports were not confined to the vulgar

people, for we read of a mummary on a large scale having taken place for the amusement of young Prince Richard, the grandson of Edward the First. No less than a hundred and thirty citizens left London on this occasion; disguised and on horseback, and rode to Kennington, where the prince was. Before them went bands of musicians, and numberless attendants bearing torches and wax lights. Some were dressed as knights, some as esquires; one was apparelled in a crown and fine robes like a king, another as a pope attended by four and twenty cardinals, and some had their faces covered with black masks.

These, when they arrived at Kennington, played at dice with the prince, and made fine presents to him, and to his mother, and the noblemen who were there; and, after much feasting, and music, and dancing, they rode home again with the same sport.

Let it not, however, be thought that the Christmas games were without any order or government. 'A lord of misrule' was appointed to regulate the pastimes of those in his neighbourhood; even in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge this was done, and in both these places the lord of misrule was a master of arts. So it was in the king's household, and in the establishments of the great noblemen at Christmas; lords of misrule were appointed, and had

officers to attend them like real potentates. The lord mayor of London, and the sheriffs also, had these governors of the Christmas games, without whom the festivities would have been imperfect. The lord of misrule and his attendants were gaily dressed in many colours, and decorated with scarves, ribands, and handkerchiefs; laces and tinsel ornaments of the gayest kind, with bells tied to their legs jingling at every step. "Then," says an old writer, who appears to have had a great dislike to the Christmas mummeries, "then march this heathen company towards the church and churchyard, their pipers piping, drummers thundering, their stumps darning, their bells jingling, their handkerchiefs swinging about their heads like madmen, their hobbie horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the crowd, and in this manner they go to the church. Then, after this, about the church they go again and again, and so forth into the churchyard, where they have commonly their summer halls, their bowers, arbours, and banqueting houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and dance all day." But these amusements at last grew, like boys' play, so riotous, that they very properly were suppressed.

Not so the mince pies, dear sweet things, which we and our readers love, these still flourish in all their glory, though many a Christmas sport and dainty have gone by. Among the forgotten

eatables are the plum porridge and the Yule cakes, or little images made of paste, which the bakers used to form and give to their customers at this season. Then, as now,

The grocers' trade  
Was in request,  
For plums and spices  
Of the best,  
Minced pies, roast beef,     •  
With other cheer,  
And feasting, did  
Conclude the year.

Many idle and superstitious notions formerly prevailed about Christmas Eve, and the power of imaginary spirits and demons at that time; but the increase of knowledge has dispelled most of these foolish ideas. Among them was a belief that at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve the oxen in the stalls are always found on their knees as if praying. It is, however, to be hoped that all such silly remains of superstition will, ere long, be entirely forgotten, or remembered only as matters of curiosity.

Ah, well! though these old things are gone by, more modern sports are still in vogue, and better ones too, we believe they are, for quiet orderly people like us and our young readers, who

At Feed the Dove (with laurel leaf in mouth),  
Or Blindman's Buff, or Hunt the Slipper play,  
Replete with glee. Some, haply, Cards adopt;

Or if to Forfeits they their sport confine,  
The happy folk adjacent to the fire  
Their station take.

What have we been about? We had almost forgotten to mention the old and honourable custom of the Christmas Box ; which was an earthen pot with a narrow slit in it, into which money might be put, but which was too small to let any be shaken out again. These boxes were carried about by apprentices and young people, who, if they were lucky in having kind friends, got a store which was well worth breaking the box to come at.

Our CHRISTMAS BOX (made of nice paper instead of dull clay) has this year received many contributions from our very kind friends. Here it is, for the reader to open, and we hope that both amusement and instruction may be derived from the perusal.



# ADDRESS TO A PLUM PUDDING.

BY M. J. J.



OTHER puddings I'll eat and praise,  
 But thou shalt have fame yet higher;  
 Thou shalt be crowned with bays,  
 And smoke with instructive fire.

Although but a dish on the board  
 To the urchin that ravening comes,  
 To thinking hearts thou art stored  
 With morals as richly as plums.

Thou art a loyalty teacher,  
 Thou, and thy friend Baron Beef;  
 An inward and powerful preacher,  
 Though not of a college the chief.

Thou art like John Bull, Pudding Plum,  
Good things go to thy making,  
And contradictions—o'ercome  
Only by beating and shaking.

Thou art like the sky—and in fun  
Astronomy well canst display ;  
For the carver's knife, like the sun,  
Has its path in a *milky way*.

Thy currants, like stars thick set,  
Are scarce to be counted by art ;  
Thy raisins like planets are yet,  
If larger, much further apart.

A graver truth thou dost reveal  
To the eater that is not a gander ;  
For he's charged by thy *candied* peel  
To mind the duty of candour.

Adieu, Plum Pudding, to thee !  
I'd praise thee more if I could ;  
But thou art a bad friend to me,  
Because in thyself too good.





# GENEROSITY ; OR, THE BALL DRESS.

BY MRS. NEELEY.



“ WHAT a generous man our neighbour Mr. Charleston is ! ” said Emily Leslie to her mother, as they sat together in the latter’s dressing-room.

*Mrs. L.* Indeed ! why do you think so ?

*Emily.* Oh, he subscribes to so many charities, and so largely. There is his name in the paper for fifty pounds, for repairing the Infirmary at N——.

*Mrs. L.* From which you conclude that he is a very generous man. Pray, what do you mean by the word ‘ generous ’ ?

*Emily.* Why, mamma, I call people generous who give a great deal, and are very charitable, and——

*Mrs. L.* Stay—what do you call being very charitable ?

*Emily.* I don’t know—I mean I *do know*—

but I call giving a deal to people that want it being charitable.

*Mrs. L.* Oh, then, after all, your notion of generosity only means giving a deal. Is it not so?

*Emily (laughing).* I believe so, mamma. But must not persons, who give a great deal, be very generous?

*Mrs. L.* They are very commonly called so by people who do not think, nor give themselves the trouble of considering the meaning of words. But I should say it requires a great deal more than merely giving either money, or any thing else, to entitle any one to be called generous.

*Emily.* And what does it require to be generous?

*Mrs. L.* Before I should say a person possessed generosity, I should consider his motives for the actions which might be supposed to manifest it. For instance, if a very rich man gave away a large sum of money, which he could afford to part with without inconvenience to himself, and without depriving himself of any luxury or comfort to which he had been accustomed, I might suppose him a *liberal* man, but I should not at once call him a generous one, because he might be induced to it by a wish of display, or of acquiring a good character, or other reasons.

*Emily.* Then I hardly know, mamma, whom you *would* call generous.

*Mrs. L.* Very likely, certainly not all that wish to be thought so. But if I knew that a person had deprived himself of some favourite indulgence, or practised a degree of economy to which he had not been accustomed, in order to gain the power of doing some good and benevolent action, especially if it was done privately, and without any wish to have it known, I should say confidently that such an act showed real generosity.

*Emily.* Then I see it may be much more generous in one person to give a little than in another to give a great deal.

*Mrs. L.* Certainly; the degree of generosity will always be proportionable to the sacrifice made. A very rich person may give a large sum, without at all feeling the loss of it, while to a poorer a much less gift is more important, and his merit in giving it therefore the greater. You remember the beautiful parable of the poor widow who cast her mites into the treasury?

*Emily.* Oh, yes, mamma, they were all she had; and, therefore, she is commended above those who had only given a part of their riches, though that part was more valuable than her offering.

*Mrs. L.* Right. I can give you an instance too of true generosity in a person whom you know.

*Emily.* Indeed, mamma! who is that?

*Mrs. L.* Miss Thornton, your cousin Jane's governess. On her mother's death, she was left

quite unprovided for, her father having died many years before. A poor old relation of her mother's who had lived with and was dependant upon them, Miss Thornton undertook, by her own exertions, to support. You know she is very accomplished; and, what is better, she has great application and perseverance. She taught music to several young ladies in her neighbourhood; and as she draws beautifully, she was able to dispose of as many drawings as she could finish. By this means she was enabled to support both herself and her relation.

*Emily.* How kind of Miss Thornton!

*Mrs. L.* It was the more so as the old lady was too infirm to do any thing for herself, and therefore required a great deal of attention. Her kind relative devoted all her spare time to her, refusing the invitations which her friends were continually giving her, for you may imagine how much she was loved and esteemed. Then Mrs. Slater, that was the old lady's name, had a physician attending regularly upon her, but this gentleman was so struck with Miss Thornton's generosity, that he would never accept any fee for his visits.

*Emily.* How lucky that was!

*Mrs. L.* It saved Miss Thornton an expense which would have pressed heavily on her; it was not however mere *luck*, but one of those little rewards which are always the consequence of

good conduct. Whilst she was thus engaged, she received an offer of a very agreeable and advantageous situation as governess in a most amiable family; but as, by accepting this, she must have deserted Mrs. Slater, she declined it, preferring to endure the hardships and privations which she underwent, rather than abandon her helpless relation. In this conduct she persevered until Mrs. Slater's death, when she went into your uncle's family.

*Emily.* Yes, now I see that giving large sums of money is not always generosity. To do what Miss Thornton did was more generous than subscribing to a hundred charities.

*Mrs. L.* I am glad you perceive the force of what I say; but, at the same time, I would not have you undervalue charitable actions, though of a less exalted character. Every one is not called upon to make so great sacrifices; persons of wealth can do a great deal of good without inconveniencing themselves, and ought not to be denied their due share of merit. All that I wish is to point out to you the nature of true generosity, and to prevent your confounding it with a mere readiness to give. I can tell you another instance of generosity, though on a less important occasion.

*Emily.* Pray, let me hear it. Does it relate to any one whom I know?

*Mrs. L.* Yes, and a relation of yours, your

aunt Margaret, your father's sister. She and I went to school together. On returning to school after one of our Midsummer vacations, we learnt that when we again broke up, there would be a grand ball at school. It was a long time for schoolgirls to look forward to, who always think the interval between the holidays of an immense duration, but every body talked of this ball, and of the dresses they should like to wear, as if it had been close at hand, and most of them mentioned it in their next letters home. Your grandfather was a very liberal man, and as kind to his children as a parent could be; but he wished them to learn prudent habits early in life, and to teach them the proper use and value of money. So, knowing that your aunt would wish to have a new dress when the ball arrived, he desired her mother to write to her, and inform her that she would have no dress sent, but that her pocket money would be increased from that time so as to enable her, if she thought proper, to lay by the price of a dress in time for the Christmas ball.

Your aunt, who was a sensible girl, was more pleased, I believe, with this mark of the confidence her parents placed in her, than if they had sent her at once double the value of the dress; and accordingly she took care not to spend any of her money unnecessarily, and gratified herself with the idea that she should wear a dress of her own buying.

The time which we all fancied so long ran on, as it always does to those who are fully and properly occupied, and I assure you we had not much time to spare, though we were treated so kindly at school that we willingly went through all our tasks.

It only wanted a few days to the breaking up, and your aunt had saved the price of a very handsome dress. Just at this period there happened a sad accident in our village. The house of a poor old woman, who sold fruit and other trifling articles, by some means took fire; and though she was with difficulty extricated unhurt, all her goods were entirely destroyed.

Every body was grieved at this accident, and particularly your aunt, who was very compassionate. The boarders at the school set on foot a subscription for the unfortunate woman, and a sum was collected equal to about half the value of what she had lost. The price of your aunt's intended dress would have made up the whole.

A person had come over from London to the school with patterns, and to receive directions for the gay things which almost every body was to have. Every one would have Margaret Leslie's opinion before making a choice, for she was considered to have great taste; so that she could hear and speak of nothing but the dresses. At last, when almost every one had given their directions, two or three asked her if she was not going to order her dress. Your aunt merely

said, "I shall not have any." This answer produced general astonishment, and all her fellow scholars wondered, and said how hard it was that she might not have a dress. But she assured them that she might have had one, and they were quite puzzled to account for this strange affair, as it seemed to them.

It had been agreed that the subscription money should be given to the old woman on the morning of the ball day, and it happened that Margaret was appointed to take it to her. The morning came, the money was counted, and Margaret went to the cottage where the object of their charity had been since the fire. I cannot tell what passed there, but your aunt, when she returned, gave a most affecting account of the old woman's behaviour and grateful thanks.

Well, the ball began, and very gay many of the dresses were, and very well the wearers looked, I assure you, both in their own and in each other's opinion. Among them was Margaret Leslie in a plain white dress, but her face was, as I afterwards thought, the happiest of all the happy ones in the room. Never did any set of dancers go through their figures with lighter hearts.

In the course of the evening, between the dancing, our governess Mrs. Maryland came forward, and said, in a voice loud enough for us all to hear, "I have brought a visiter, who, I dare say, will be welcome to you; shall I introduce



her?" Of course there was a ready assent, and many curious eyes were turned to the door. And who do you think the visiter was?

*Emily.* The old woman, mamma?

*Mrs. L.* Yes; she had requested Mrs. Maryland to let her be brought into the room, that she might thank the 'dear beautiful young ladies,' as she called them, for their great goodness. But when she came in, she was so affected, she could hardly speak, and, lifting up her hands, she exclaimed, "May God bless you all!" and went out of the room as fast as she could go.

After she was gone, Mrs. Maryland said a few words, praising the charitable disposition of her pupils. She concluded by saying, "I should be glad to know, if you young ladies do not make it a secret, what was the amount of the subscription?"

They told her.

"It was a very handsome one," she replied; "but it was very singular that, according to old Nancy's account, she has received nearly double that amount." All eyes were naturally turned on Margaret Leslie, who stood on one side endeavouring to hide the blushes of her cheeks. One or two of her companions, quicker than the rest, comprehended it at once. They whispered to each other, "Then this is the reason of her white frock; how benevolent!"

"No whispering, ladies, if you please," said our good-natured governess; "if any one can

solve this mystery, let her speak." Those who had guessed the truth did not hesitate to make their conjectures known.

Mrs. Maryland took Margaret's hand, saying, "I am sure, my dear, that your companions have guessed right, and I know they all feel with me that though you have deprived yourself of a new dress, no one could have done more credit to our ball." I do not remember the remainder of what she said, but you may imagine how much happier your aunt felt than if she had worn that night the most beautiful dress in the room.

*Emily.* But, mamma, had Mrs. Maryland found out that my aunt had given her money to old Nancy?

*Mrs. L.* She told us she suspected it, because she had heard the amount of the subscription talked of among the scholars, and she knew that Margaret had pocket money to lay by for her dress. And now, what do you think of this?

*Emily.* I wish, mamma, I could do something like it.

*Mrs. L.* Well, there are never opportunities wanting of displaying good dispositions. And remember that there is not a day of your life but occasions occur of giving up your own little gratifications to add to those of others; and these sacrifices, small as they are, are the foundation of all real generosity.



## THE WELLBRED CAT.



LONG have I sought the world around,  
And ask'd this friend or that,  
“Where shall that paragon be found,  
A truly wellbred cat?

An humble, gentle, modest puss,  
A cat of education,  
That, though on easy terms with us,  
Should know her proper station.

A cat without a wish to thiefe,  
Or snatch my toast and tea;  
That gladly takes whate'er I give,  
And purrs a thank to me.

A cat, not stupid, old, and gray,  
No downright sleepy sot,  
Regardless, slumbering life away,  
Whate'er her master's lot.

A cat, whose spirits gently move  
In even time with mine;  
Gay, when a gayer mood I love,  
Grave, when I mirth decline.

That sits with serious, thoughtful air  
Through many a disputation,  
And would not, for her whiskers, dare  
To break up conversation.

Nor would I keep a trembling slave—  
My cat must love, not fear me,  
And come with confidence to crave  
Her wonted station near me.

In short, I want a cat of sense,  
Of quick and clear perception,  
Whose mind of what might give offence  
Can form a just conception.

Where shall this paragon be found,  
In palace, cot, or inn?—  
Aid me, my friends, to search around,  
This peerless prize to win. E. T.



## THE PANTHER.

A SKETCH IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.



“ PAPA, I should like to see a panther, it is so beautiful. Did papa ever see a panther ?”

“ Yes, Henry, I have seen many panthers ; and I had a young panther in my arms once.”

“ And did it scratch, papa ?”

“ No ; but the man who had the care of it told me that I must not hold it too long, or perhaps it might scratch and bite me.”

“ Where are the panthers found, papa ?”

“ They are found in Africa and Asia ; and I know a gentleman, who lived in the East Indies, who told me that as he was once riding through some jungles—does my boy know what a jungle is ?”

“ No, papa—will papa tell me ?”

“ A jungle is a hollow place with bushes growing in it, and often with some water ; and in the East Indies these places are frequented by beasts of prey, tigers, panthers, and many others,

—and now I have told Henry what a jungle is—I may go on with my story. The gentleman was riding through the jungles, when a panther sprang upon him and fastened his claws in the loose pantaloons which he wore, they were thin, and the weight of the panther tore them, and tore the gentleman's flesh also, so that he has the marks of his claws now: the animal fell off, the horse, shaking with fear, bounded through the jungle, and galloped, without stopping, several miles to the next village, when he stopped, trembling and all white with foam, but the panther did not follow him, for if a tiger or panther does not seize his prey at first,—if he be once disappointed he seldom makes a second attempt. The gentleman stopped the bleeding by bandaging his limb, got other clothes, and came home."

"We have no panthers in England, papa, who live in the woods?"

"No, Henry, we may walk any where in this country without fearing wild beasts—and this is very pleasant."

"It is indeed, papa; I am very glad that I do not live in India."



## SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

## THE SQUIRREL.



THE pretty red squirrel lives up in a tree,  
A little blithe creature as ever can be;  
He dwells in the boughs where the stockdove  
    broods,  
Far in the shades of the green summer woods :  
His food is the young juicy cones of the pine,  
And the milky beech-nut is his bread and his  
    wine.

In the joy of his heart he frisks with a bound  
To the topmost twigs, and then down to the  
ground,

Then up again like a winged thing,  
And from tree to tree with a vaulting spring;  
Then he sits up aloft and looks waggish and  
queer,

As if he would say, "Ay, follow me here!"  
And then he grows pettish and stamps his foot,  
And then independently cracks his nut;  
And thus he lives the long summer thorough,  
Without a care or a thought of sorrow.

But small as he is, he knows he may want  
In the bleak winter weather when food is scant,  
So he finds a hole in an old tree's core,  
And there makes his nest, and lays up his store;  
Then when cold winter comes and the trees are  
bare,

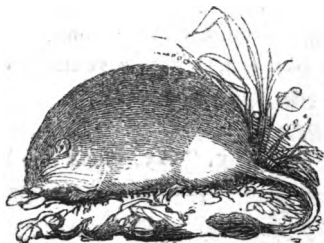
When the white snow is falling and keen is the  
air;

He heeds it not as he sits by himself  
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on the shelf.  
Oh, wise little squirrel! no wonder that he  
In the green summer woods is as blithe as can  
be.





## THE DORMOUSE.



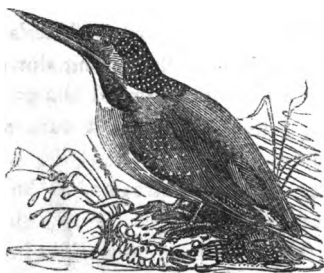
THE little dormouse is tawny red,  
 He makes against winter a nice snug bed ;  
 He makes his bed in a mossy bank  
 Where the plants in the summer grow tall and rank :  
 Away from the daylight, far underground,  
 His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound ;  
 And when all above him it freezes and snows,  
 What is it to him, for he nought of it knows ?  
 And till the cold time of the winter is gone  
 The little dormouse keeps sleeping on.  
 But at last, in the fresh breezy days of the spring,  
 When the green leaves bud and the merry birds  
     sing,  
 And the dread of the winter is over and past,  
 The little dormouse peeps out at last.  
 Out of his snug, quiet burrow he wends,  
 And looks all about for his neighbours and  
     friends :  
 Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch,  
 " 'Tis a beautiful morn for the first day of March,

The violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear,  
The lark is upspringing, his carol I hear,  
And in the green fields are the lamb and the  
foal,—

I'm glad I'm not sleeping now down in my hole!"  
Then away he runs in his merry mood,  
Over the fields, and into the wood,  
To find any grain there may chance to be,  
Or any small berry that hangs on the tree:  
So from early morning, till late at night,  
Has the poor little creature his own delight,  
Looking down to the earth and up to the sky,  
Thinking, "What a happy dormouse am I!"

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### THE KINGFISHER.



FOR the bonny kingfisher go not to the tree,  
No bird of the field or the forest is he;  
In the dry riven rock he did never abide,  
And not on the brown heath all barren and wide :

32    SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

He lives where the fresh sparkling waters are  
    flowing,

Where the tall heavy typha and loosestrife are  
    growing;

By the bright little streams that all joyfully run  
Awhile in the shadow and then in the sun;

And he lives in a hole that is quite to his mind,  
With the green mossy hazel roots firmly entwined,  
Where the dark alder-bough waves gracefully  
    o'er,

And the broad-flag and arrow-head grow at his  
    door;

There busily, busily all the day long,  
He seeks for small fishes the shallows among;  
For he builds his nest of the pearly fish-bone,  
Laid side by side till his work is done.

Then the black water-rat from his burrow comes  
    out,

To see what his neighbour kingfisher's about;  
And the green dragon-fly, flitting slowly away,  
Just pauses one moment to bid him good-day.

Oh happy kingfisher! what care should he  
    know

By the clear pleasant streams, as he skims to  
    and fro,

Now lost in the shadow, now bright in the sheen  
Of the hot summer sun, glancing scarlet and  
    green.



**GARRY OWEN;**  
**OR, THE SNOW-WOMAN.**

BY MISS EDGEWORTH.



**PART I.**

**CHAPTER I.**

**SNIPE-SHOOTING.**

“A FINE morning for snipe-shooting this, Master Gerald!” said Patrick Carroll, an Irish game-keeper, to his young companion, his master’s son, who was manfully stepping along beside him on the frozen surface of a deep snow.

“A fine morning certainly, Carroll; but I have not seen a single snipe yet,” said Master Gerald.

D

“ But if we have any luck, we won’t be long so,” replied the gamekeeper, “ barring the long snow might have starved off the birds entirely. But if there’s one left in it any way, we’ll have him, dear, as sure as life.”

“ There’s one !” cried Gerald.

Pop.—and—miss.

“ Hush’t now !—whisht ! ’Twas the talking —Not a word now—or ye give the birds warning.”

They walked on for some time without speaking. Gerald

“ Gazed idly on the silence of the snows.

—————One idiot face of white

Is over all.”

Not another snipe was to be seen ; and the gamekeeper, thinking that his young master was fretting inwardly, began to comfort him with a little flattery.

“ Then, Master Gerald, my dear, when you come to carry the gun your own self, it’s a fine shot you’ll be, I’ll engage—as fine a shot as any in the three counties, as his honour your father (blessings on him !) was afore you. Just such another as yourself, then, I remember him, the first season’s shooting ever he got—I saw his first shot sure !”

“ He was older at that time than I am now, was not he ?” said Gerald.

“Not to look at; and I’m certain clear he was not over fourteen years any way.”

“I shall be fourteen next birthday; and I hope my mother will then have no objection to my carrying the gun myself.”

“Objections! Why would she?—Tut—The next bird we meet, good or bad, you shall have a shot at him yourself, master.”

A ray of joy came across Gerald’s face, but it passed away. “No,” said he, “I promised mamma I would not take the gun in my own hands.”

“Then it’s I must lay it over your shoulder, and hold it for you while you pop.”

A bird was seen. The gamekeeper placed the gun against Gerald’s shoulder, and pointed to where he should aim. It was a great temptation—but Gerald had given a promise. He stepped aside, drawing his shoulder from under the gun.

“No, Carroll,” repeated he firmly, and it was as much as he could say. “I will not fire, for I yesterday promised my mother I would not.”

“Then you are a noble young gentleman to be true to your mother any way; and I’m sure, by the same token, you’ll not tell on me, that was only wanting to please you, and did not understand rightly, or I’d sooner have cut my head off than have gone against any thing the mistress would say—in regard to you more than

all. It would be as much as my life's worth if you were to tell on me, Master Gerald; but I know you are too good."

"Never fear," said Gerald, "I am no tell-tale. But I'm getting terribly hungry. Turn down to that cottage, and may be we shall find a hot potato."

"True for you. It is time they should be boiling or boiled—and no doubt it is here we shall find 'em ready and welcome, for it is Mistress Crofton's place, and a very snug place it is, and right good people they are. The mother nursed some of the big house formerly; that is, kind-hearted old Mistress Molly I mean."

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## CHAP. II.

### MRS. CROFTON'S COTTAGE.

THEIR steps being noiseless on the snow, they reached the cottage without being heard by any one within. Peeping in at the house door, Gerald saw that there was only kind-hearted Molly herself in the kitchen. Her back was towards them, and she was stooping down, covering up a dish that was on the hearth before a clear turf fire. Gerald, putting his finger on his lips, and making a sign to the gamekeeper to remain still at the door, went in on tiptoe softly, and snatching up from the dresser her silk hand-

kerchief, he went close behind her without her perceiving him, quickly threw the handkerchief over her eyes, and, in a feigned gruff brogue, asked her to tell who he was?

“ Ah hushlamacree ! you darling rogue, I know who ye are well enough—and glad myself is you’re come—long I’ve been looking for you.”

She pulled off the bandage as she spoke. “ Oh ! Master Gerald dear ! and is it you ?—I ask your pardon then. Sure I’m glad to see you, Master Gerald.”

It was plain, nevertheless, that he was not the person she expected to see. “ But who was your darling rogue that you were looking for, Molly ?”

“ Oh ! not your honour dear any way—sure—I could not make so free—but Georgy the gran’ child—the unlucky boy that did not get his breakfast yet—that’s what I was covering up for him.”

“ And suppose I was to beg one of his hot potatoes ?”

“ Welcome as life, dear !” said she, uncovering them ; “ and shame take me that didn’t think of offering them. But my ould stupid head was just astray. Sit ye down, Master Gerald, by the fire this raw morning, till I fetch you the salt, and a bit o’ butter, and a drop of the new milk.—And who would that be ?—Somebody at the door without ?—Oh ! Mr. Car-



roll the gamekeeper, it is you!—But won't you step in, and get an air of the fire, and take something too? I should have a bottle somewhere."

In Molly's hospitality there was a degree of hurry and confusion, and not her usual hearty gladness to see her friends. Gerald asked what was the matter, and why her head was astray?

"It's after the boy George my head is," she answered; "that unlucky slip of a boy—though it's no fault of his—but of them that left the stable door open after he had shut it last night. I don't know who it was, but, weary on them! for this morning George missed one of them sheep of his father's that he got in charge, and was at my bedside by peep o' day, telling me about it afore I was right awake. In great fear he was that this sheep, straying out in the deep snow, might be lost, and that his father, when he'd find it out, would be mad with him. Then don't be bothering me, child! said I, and I dreaming. Take yourself out, and look for the sheep, can't ye?—Bad luck to myself that said that cross word out o' my sleep, for straight the boy went out in the first gray light o' the morning, and never has been in since, good or bad. There's the two bowls of stirabout I made for him got as hard and colder than the stones; I was fain to throw them out to the chickens both. And now I have boiled these potatoes for him. But what I'm in dread of," continued

Molly, after a pause, and as if afraid to speak her whole thoughts, "what I am most in dread of is them snow-drifts there below, in case George might have come across one of them.—You mind, Master Gerald, the boy that once was lost entirely—and the snow so deep on the ground now"—She sighed——

Gerald swallowed hastily the bit of hot potato he had in his mouth, and asked which road the boy had taken?

"Across the Curragh path she believed, and down by the *boreen*" (the lane).

Gerald, beckoning to the gamekeeper, ran out immediately, bidding Molly keep up her spirits, and keep the potatoes hot for her boy, whom he hoped soon to bring back to her, with, perhaps, the lost sheep into the bargain.

Thousands of blessings she poured upon Gerald and Mr. Carroll, and from her door she shouted after them to beg they would "bid George never to mind the sheep, but come home only with himself. Tell him I'll make it up out o' my calves to the father. I'd sell the cow—I'd sell the dresser—any thing—all, tell him, if he'll but come home to me safe again—*acushla!*"

## CHAP. III.

## THE SNOW DRIFT.

GERALD and the gamekeeper, no longer thinking of snipes, took the way over the curragh as well as they could make it out, for path there was none on that unbeaten snow. The surface was still hard enough in many places; but, during the last hour, it had begun to thaw, and some of the drifts were softened. They looked for the boy's footsteps, and saw traces for some distance, but then lost sight of them when they came to a lane leading to the village. In this lane horses, and cars, and many footsteps had been. They stood still and listened, for the sportsman thought he heard a shout. Gerald had the sense to think of firing off the gun, which the gamekeeper, by his order, immediately did, to give notice of where they were. Afterwards they heard the voice certainly, they thought, and followed the direction of the sound. Presently they saw a black spot on the snow at a distance; it was, as they guessed, a boy's hat, and, making up towards it, they saw the boy running to meet them, barefooted, barelegged, barebreasted, coat and waistcoat off, as little as could be on, and that little as wet as possible, his face and head as red as fire, perspiring all over. He gasped, and could not speak; but, catching hold of

Gerald's arm, and pointing in the direction from whence he came, pulled him on.

"Your sheep, I suppose?" said Gerald.

"Ay, in the snow," said the gamekeeper, "that can't get out. Is that it, Georgy? Speak now."

"My sheep—och!" said the boy, "an' I wish to my life it was only that same."

"What, then, can't you speak, you born natural?" said the impatient gamekeeper.

"Come on, come on! I can't be staying to tell you," said the boy, trotting on before them, in one even fast trot, with which Gerald's run and Carroll's strides could scarcely keep pace.

"Manners then, you running dripping-pan!" cried Carroll; "can't you stop and turn, and tell Master Gerald about it—Oh! if I could reach you!"—

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#### CHAP. IV.

##### THE BURIED HUT.

GERALD, without questioning more, ran on, till the boy stopped and spoke—

"See here, master," said he, pointing to a place where he had been digging in the snow, "below here is a cabin of some kind, and a living cratur in it—I heard the cry. Stoop down yourselves here at the top of the bank, and through the hole here you may catch the

sound of the moaning. I was walking on the hard snow, sir, on the top of the ditch here, as I know by the trees on the hedge, thinking of nothing at all but my sheep, and prodding about with my shovel, which by great luck I had with me on account of the sheep; when I started to see smoke coming up a yard from me, and when I went up close to the hole, that proved a chimney, and darkening it over, I suppose, by looking down to see whether I could see any thing that was in it, whoever was within knew by the stopping of the light that I was there above, for there was a great cry raised to me, 'for God's sake to help!' So I gave up all thought of my sheep, and fell to work to get out the poor cratur, and I have been at it ever since; but, see, the door can't be got open yet, nor won't for a long while; see, sir, how it is."

Where the boy had been digging in the snow, part of a thatched roof was visible. It seemed to belong to a hut or shed made in a deep ditch, or quarry hole, by the side of a hill. Gerald called loudly, as he leaned over the opening at top, and was answered by a feeble voice, which he thought was that of a woman. He stood still to consider what should be done first. The gamekeeper, unable to think, went on talking and wondering who the woman could be. Gerald saw that, as there was but one shovel, but one person could work at a time in clearing away

the snow ; and, as the man was the strongest, he yielded the shovel to him, but directed him not to go on where the boy had been working, because he saw that it would take a long time to clear away the snow to the bottom, and to open space enough in the hard snow-drift, so that the house door could be got open, and that it would be easier and quicker to clear the snow from part of the roof, and pull off the thatch. He bid Carroll shovel away as fast as he could, while he considered what he should do with the woman if he got her out. He must have some means of carrying her out of the cold directly, to where she could have assistance and food. The nearest house which was within reach was Mrs. Crofton's. He bid George go home to his grandmother, and send his father, or any man he could find about the house, with a hand-barrow, and dry straw, and a blanket. If the hand-barrow could not be had directly, the men should bring a door, which George knew could be readily taken off its hinges.—The sending George home he saw too was necessary for him, for he was almost exhausted ; he could walk, but could scarcely have used his arms any more. George was very unwilling to quit, but Gerald told him that, by so doing, he would do the best for the poor people he had worked so hard to save—the only chance it would give of saving them. The boy gave up to their reason, and Gerald

wrote with a pencil on the back of a letter a few lines to his mother, to tell what had happened, and to beg she would send directions and assistance (the good housekeeper herself if she could) to Mrs. Crofton's cottage, to be ready, and wait till he should come. Off went George, putting the pencil note in the crown of his hat, the only dry spot about him.

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## CHAP. V.

## A DISCOVERY.

THE corner of the roof being soon cleared of snow, Gerald helped to tear away the thatch, and soon got open a hole in the roof, through which they could see down into the house. Gerald saw the haggard face and skeleton figure of the woman. She was kneeling just under them, looking up, her hands uplifted towards them—something in her arms pressed close to her—it was her infant, but it made no cry—nor did she speak, or utter any sound. Her other children were on the ground before her—one stretched out face downwards, motionless—the other, with its arms clasped round its mother as she knelt, its head leaning against her—it never looked up. Gerald tore the hole open larger; and, bidding Carroll tell him the moment any one from Crofton's was in sight, jumped down

into this den of misery—of famine. The woman's eyes turned to the child on the floor—a boy—her eldest—who was dead. The girl, kneeling, never moved till her mother lifted up her head, and Gerald saw her starved face. Her eyes blinked and closed from the light. She showed no emotion at sight of Gerald; but in the woman's wild stare at him there was a sort of agony of hope. He recollected what he had till this moment forgotten, that he had had the day before, when he went out, a biscuit in his pocket. He felt, and found some fragments; he moistened a bit in his mouth, and then put the least morsel possible into the mouth of the girl, and then gave a bit to the woman, who instantly put a crumb of it between the infant's lips, and then she looked ravenously for more. Luckily he had very little more left. Gerald had heard that famished persons must be allowed food only with great caution; but he did not know how very small a quantity the stomach can bear, and how extremely dangerous it is to yield to the cravings of the appetite. When he saw the magical revival produced by this little, he regretted that he had not more, especially when the mother looked upon him with ravenous eagerness. He emptied his pockets, and she snatched the least crumb, and crammed it into her baby's mouth. Well for her and her children it was that he had no more. Some of the snow



from the roof hung down; she stretched out her hand for it with anxiety, and when he reached it for her, swallowed as much as he would let her, but he was afraid, and stopped her. She submitted without speaking.

Carroll gave the signal agreed upon, that he saw somebody coming. Gerald had bid Carroll not call loudly to him, lest the suddenness of the certainty of her deliverance might be too much for her all at once. When he moved from her, though only a pace or two, to hear what was said from the opening in the roof, she caught hold of his coat, and held it clenched fast, as if in dread of his leaving her. He assured her that he would not desert her; that he was only going to see how best to get her out of this horrible place. His words seemed scarcely to reach her understanding; but she loosened her grasp, as if resigned. He stood upon the only piece of furniture in the house, an old stool, and could then hear Carroll tell him, in a low voice, that two men were coming across the field from the road, either with a hand-barrow or something of the kind. It proved to be the very door which Gerald had desired should be sent if nothing else was at hand. "And a good thought it was," said the men, "for the hand-barrow had been lent to some person, and could not have been had unless we were to have waited an hour." There was plenty of straw, and a blanket,

moreover a bed, a chaff bed ; all he required good Molly had sent, with her blessing for the sending home her boy, and a bed should be ready and warm for the poor woman, whoever she was. She would not let George come back with the men, which he wanted to do.

While all this was saying, Gerald had lifted the kneeling girl from the floor. She was as helpless and cumbersome to lift as a child asleep. He purposed to stand upon the stool, to give her out of his arms to Carroll, who was waiting to take her, but as he sprang up on the stool, one of the legs gave way, and down he came with the child. An exclamation, the first she had uttered, burst from the mother, and she sprang forward. Gerald fell back against the wall, and held the child safe ; it was a mercy that he did not fall upon it. He next took off the silk handkerchief that was round his neck ; and, having tied it to his pocket handkerchief, he passed them under the arms of the child. Then calling to Carroll, he bid him let down to him one end of his leathern belt, and to hold fast the other. After fastening the end of the belt to the handkerchiefs, he called to Carroll again to draw up gently ; and, guiding the child's body up as high as he could reach, it was thus drawn out safely. The woman had a tattered blanket hanging over part of her, but she could not be wrapped in it ; it was all rags, and would not hold. Gerald had

the blanket old Molly had sent put down to him, and wrapping the woman in it with Carroll's help, he having now jumped down into the hut, fastened the belt round her, and one of the men above drew her up with her infant in her arms. They laid her upon the bed, and found she had fainted. She looked so ghastly that Gerald thought she was dead. He took her infant from her powerless arm, and thought it was gone too. It seemed to have no weight; but the fresh air made it utter a sort of cry, and the mother opened her eyes, and came back from her fainting fit. Gerald laid her infant in her arms again, and she felt that he placed her girl beside her, and she gave him a look which he could never forget. But the expression of feeling and sense was gone in a moment. He wrapped the blanket round her and the children, and she lay motionless in a sort of stupor, as they lifted the board from the ground and moved on. He had little hope that she or the children could live till they reached the cottage. He had never seen any thing like such a sight before; but Carroll had, and he kept up his hopes with the prophecy, often repeated as they went along, that the woman would, as he'd see, do very well, and the childer would *come to*, all but the poor boy, who was gone quite. It lay at her feet, wrapped in the poor mother's rag of a blanket, so as to be concealed from sight. Gerald had been unwilling

to remove the corpse at first, thinking it might shock the mother fatally to see it when she returned to sense. But the men would not let him leave it, telling him that when she came to her sense, it would be the first thing she would ask for, and that it would shock her most that it should *not be waked* properly.

They reached the cottage, where, to Gerald's great joy, he found that his mother had sent the housekeeper, and all that could be wanted. Molly, dear good Molly, had the bed ready warm to put *her* into, and hot flannels for the *childer*, and warm drink, but to be given only in tea spoonfuls. "Mind," as the housekeeper said, "mind that for your life! And now, Master Gerald, my heart's life," continued she, "rest yourself. Oh dear! oh dear! what a way he is in! my *own* child—Oh dear! oh dear! he ought to be in his own bed—and has not eat one bit the day, barring the potatoes here."

Molly followed Gerald about, while he helped in all the arrangements that were making in bringing in his charge, and carrying them to the inner room; and whenever she could find an opportunity, popped a bit of something into his mouth, which, to oblige her, he swallowed, though he did not well know what it was. All being now done by him in which he could be useful, he prepared to go home, the housekeeper and Molly urging that his own family must be

anxious to see him. Away he went, but not before he had asked for George, to rejoice with him in their success. George was in his bed fast asleep; it would be a sin, his grandmother said, to waken him, and it would do better next morning, for he was tired out of his sense, stupid-tired. "He is never very 'cute, my poor Georgy, but as kind a heart as can be, asleep or awake."



## PART II.



## CHAP. VI.

## CASTLE GERALD.

IT was dusk in the evening before Gerald reached home. Candles were lighted at Castle Gerald, as he saw through the windows. As he approached, the lights flitted from the drawing-room windows along the corridor, as he went up the avenue, and the hall-door opened before he reached it. Cecilia, his dear little sister, ran down the steps to meet him, and his father and mother were in the hall. The comfortable, happy appearance of every thing at home, being in sudden contrast with all he had just seen and felt, struck him forcibly. The common dinner seemed to him uncommonly good; every thing

a luxury. Cecilia could not help laughing; he seemed to wonder, as if he was in a dream—and so, in truth, he felt. They wisely let him eat, and rest before they asked him any questions. Even Cecilia refrained, though her eyes, as plainly as they could speak, and very plainly that was, spoke her curiosity, or rather her sympathy. His after dinner story, however, was provokingly short—quite an unvarnished tale, and not unfolded regularly, but opened in the middle, and finished abruptly with “That’s all.” Whether it was that he did not like to make much of what he had done himself, to make little of the hero of his tale, or whether he was, as old Molly said of George, *stupid-tired*, he certainly was in an unusual hurry to take his mother’s advice that night, and go to bed early. After thanking God that the woman was saved, he threw himself into his bed, thinking that he *would* be asleep the very instant his head should be on the pillow. But in vain he snuggled himself up; he found that the going to sleep did not depend on his will. Whenever he closed his eyes, the images of the starved woman and her dead and living child were before him, the whole scene going on over and over again, but more and more confusedly, till at last, after the hundredth turning to the other side, he lay still, and by the time his mother came to look at him, before she went to bed, he was sound asleep—

so fast that the light of her lamp, even when she no longer shaded it by her hand, never made eyelid shrink or eyelash twinkle.

The next morning, he wakened as fresh and lively as ever, and jumped up to see what sort of a day it was. Pouring rain!—all the snow gone, or going—impossible to reach the cottage before breakfast. But the housekeeper had brought word late last night, after he was asleep, that the woman and her children were likely to do well. The gamekeeper (bless his old bones for it!) was up, and at Mrs. Crofton's by the flight of night, and his report at breakfast time said that "the woman was wonderful—for so great a skeleton—a perfect 'atomy—a very shadow of a cratur—such as never was seen afore alive on God's earth. The childer too! no weight, if you'd take 'em in your arms, it would frighten you to hold them—so unnatural-like as if they had been changed by the fairies. Howsomedever the housekeeper says they'll come to, and get weighty enough in time, ma'am, and that all will live, no doubt, if they don't get food too plenty; I mean if old Molly (Mrs. Crofton, I ax her pardon) wouldn't be in too great a hurry to feed 'em up—and if the mother, who is cautious enough not to infringe against the orders she got, as far as her own fasting is concerned, would not, as I dread, be too tender in regard to the childer—the baby, more especially."



Gerald's report in the middle of the day was good. He could not, however, see the poor woman, she and her children being in bed. It was settled that they should all walk to the cottage next morning; but the next morning and the next day, rain—rain—rain. How provoking! Yet such things will be in Ireland. Little Cecilia stood at the window, saying, "Rain, rain, go to Spain;" yet not till the fourth day did it go, and then the ground was so wet; even on the gravel walks before the window there were such puddles of yellow water, that it was vain for Cecilia to hope she could reach the cottage. But the next day was dry; a frost came, not a bitter frost, but a fine sunshiny day; and before the ground was softened by the sun, they accomplished their walk.

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## CHAP. VII.

### THE COTTAGE REVISITED.

EVERY thing is for the best—that's certain—even the rain. These three days' delay had given time for much to pass which it was well should be over. The dead child was buried; the living had now some appearance of life; the horrible ghastliness was gone; the livid purple was now only deadly pale. Cecilia thought it very shocking still, but nothing to what it was, Gerald said. He was quite astonished at the

difference; he should not have known the woman to be the same, except by her skeleton hands and arms. But she was now clean, decently clothed, a great handkerchief of Molly's pinned so as to cover her wasted form, and a smile on those lips that he thought never could smile again—but they smiled on him, and then she burst into tears—the first she had shed—and a great relief they were to her, for she could not cry when the boy was buried—not a tear. Gerald looked about for the other child—the girl—she was behind him. Though she had been quite insensible, as he thought, to all that had happened, she now seemed perfectly to recognise him. When her mother drew her forward, she remained willingly fixed close beside him, and stood staring up with grateful, loving eyes. She smelled his coat; the mother reproved her, but Cecilia said, “Let her alone;” and the child, heeding neither of them, proceeded to smell his hand, took it, and kissed it again and again. Then, turning to the mother, said, “Mammy! that’s the hand—the good hand.”

Then she pointed to a bit of biscuit which lay upon the table, and her mother said, “The child recollects, sir, the bit you put into her mouth. She could eat that biscuit all day long, I believe, if we would let her.”

“And it is hard to deny her,” said Molly, putting a piece within her reach. She devoured

it eagerly, yet seemed as if she had half a mind to take the last bit from her mouth, and put it into Gerald's.

He turned to shake hands with George, who now came in; and inquired if he had heard any news of his lost sheep?

"Answer, George, dear," said Molly to the boy, who was a little bashful, or, as she expressed it, "a little daunted before the ladies. But speak out, Georgy, love, can't ye, so as to be heard, and not with that voice of a mouse. You can speak out well enough when you please."

The snow-woman observed that she knew better than any body how well he could speak out. "I never in my born days heard a voice so pleasant as his'n sounded to me the first time I heard it, when he answered to my call for help."

George smiled through his blush; and then answering Master Gerald, thanked him kindly, and said that he had heard of his sheep—he had got him—and he was dead—frozen dead under the snow—standing—not half a perch from where they had been shoveling. When the thaw came, there he was found quite ready; so he brought him home and skinned him. There was his skin hanging up to the fore on the stable wall. And his father was very good too, and was not mad with him at all at all, but quite

considerate, and did not give him a stroke nor a word; and so he (George) had promised to make up the *differ*, by not rising out of his father's hands the price of the new *shuit* which he was to get at Easter for herding the other sheep and cattle through the winter. "There's the bargain I made with him, and all's well as afore."

Cecilia, who was listening, did not at first understand this bargain; but when the *new shuit* was explained to mean a new suit of clothes, and making up *the differ*, making up the difference to the father between the value of the lost live sheep and his remaining skin, Cecilia thought it was rather a hard bargain for George, but he was quite satisfied.

Molly whispered, "Never heed, miss; the father will not be as hard upon him as he thinks. But," added she aloud, "why should not he, miss, be at the loss of his own carelessness?—Not but what, barring the giddiness, he's as good a natur'd lad as ever lived—only not overburthened with sense.—Kind gran'mother for him!" concluded she, half laughing at herself, half at him.

Then, drawing Gerald aside, she changed her tone, and with a serious look, in a mysterious whisper, said, "You were right, dear, from first to last, concerning the poor cratur's dead child; she did not want to have it *waked* at all, for she is not that way—not an Irishwoman at all—an

Englishwoman all over, as I knew by her speech the first word ever I heard her speak in her own nat'ral tongue when she came to her voice. But hush't! there she is telling her own story to the master and mistress."

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## CHAP. VIII.

### THE SNOW-WOMAN'S STORY.

"YES, madam, I bees an Englishwoman, though so low now and untidy like—it's a shame to think of it—a Manchester woman, ma'am—and my people was once in a bettermost sort of way—but sore pinched latterly." She sighed, and paused.

"I married an Irishman, madam," continued she, and sighed again.

"I hope he gave you no reason to sigh," said Gerald's father.

"Ah! no, sir, never!" answered the Englishwoman, with a faint sweet smile: "Brian Dermody is a good man, and was always a koind husband to me, as far and as long as ever he could, I will say that—but my friends misliked him—no help for it. He is a soldier, sir,—of the forty-fifth. So I followed my husband's fortins, as nat'ral, through the world, till he was ordered to Ireland. Then he brought the children over, and settled us down there at Bogafin in a

hop with his mother—a widow. She was  
 joind too. But no need to tire you with  
 all. She married again, ma'am, a man  
 enough to be her son—a nice man he was  
 k at too—a gentleman's servant he had  
 Then they set up in a public-house. Then  
 iskey, ma'am, that they bees all so fond  
 e took to drinking it in the morning even,  
 —and that was bad, to my thinking.”  
 y, indeed!” said Molly, with a groan of  
 athy; “Oh the whiskey! if men could  
 from it!”

And if women could!” said Mr. Crofton in  
 voice.

The Englishwoman looked up at him, and then  
 looked down, refraining from assent to his smile.

“My mother-in-law,” continued she, “was  
 very koind to me all along, as far as she could.  
 But one thing she could not do; that was, to  
 pay me back the money of husband's and mine  
 that I lent her. I thought this odd of her—and  
 hard. But then I did not know the ways of the  
 country in regard to never paying debts.”

“Sure it's not the ways of all Ireland, my  
 dear,” said Molly; “and it's only them that has  
 not that can't pay—how can they?”

“I don't know—it is not for me to say,” said  
 the Englishwoman, reservedly; “I am a stranger.  
 But I thought if they could not pay me, they  
 need not have kept a jaunting car.”

“Is it a jaunting car?” cried Molly. She pushed from her the chair on which she was leaning—“Jaunting car bodies! and not to pay you!—I give them up intirely. Ill used you were, my poor Mrs. Dermody—and a shame! and you a stranger!—But them were Connaught people. I ask your pardon—finish your story.”

“It is finished, ma’am. They were ruined, and all sold; and I could not stay with my children to be a burthen. I wrote to husband, and he wrote me word to make my way to Dublin, if I could, to a cousin of his in Pill Lane—here’s the direction—and that if he can get leave from his colonel, who is a good gentleman, he will be over to settle me somewhere, to get my bread honest in a little shop, or some way. I am used to work and hardship; so I don’t mind. Brian was very koind in his letter, and sent me all he had—a pound, ma’am—and I set out on my journey on foot, with the three children. The people on the road were very koind and hospitable indeed; I have nothing to say against the Irish for that; they are more hospitable a deal than in England, though not always so honest. Stranger as I was, I got on very well till I came to the little village here hard by, where my poor boy that is gone first fell sick of the measles. His sickness, and the ‘pot’ecary’ stuff and all, and the lodging and living ran me very low. But I paid all, every farthing; and

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let none know how poor I was, for I was ashamed, you know, ma'am, or I am sure they would have helped me, for they are a koind people, I will say that for them, and ought so to do, I am sure. Well, I pawned some of my things, my cloak even, and my silk bonnet, to pay honest; and as I could not do no otherwise, I left them in pawn, and, with the little money I raised, I set out forwards on my road to Dublin again, so soon as I thought my boy was able to travel. I reckoned too much upon his strength. We had got but a few miles from the village when he drooped, and could not get on; and I was unwilling and ashamed to turn back, having so little to pay for lodgings. I saw a kind of hut, or shed, by the side of a hill. There was nobody in it. It was empty of every thing but some straw, and a few turf, the remains of a fire. I thought there would be no harm in taking shelter in it for my children and myself for the night. The people never came back to whom it belonged, and the next day my poor boy was worse; he had a fever this time. Then the snow came on. We had some little store of provisions that had been made up for us for the journey to Dublin, else we must have perished when we were snowed up. I am sure the people in the village never know'd that we were in that hut, or they would have come to help us, for they bees very koind people. There must have been



a day and a night that passed, I think, of which I know nothing. It was all a dream. When I got up from my illness, I found my boy dead—and the others with famished looks. Then I had to see them faint with hunger.”

The poor woman had told her story without any attempt to make it pathetic, and thus far without apparent emotion or change of voice: but when she came to this part, and spoke of her children, her voice changed and failed, she could only add, looking at Gerald, “ You know the rest, master, Heaven bless you !”

All she had told was true, as was proved upon inquiry in Gerald’s town of the people at whose house she had lodged, and those to whom she had paid bills, and with whom she had pawned her clothes. Her friends at Manchester were written to by Gerald’s father; their answer confirmed her account of herself and of her husband.

Gerald and Cecilia rejoiced in having her exactness in truth thus proved; not that they had ever doubted it, but the housekeeper had been imposed upon by some travelling people lately, and they were glad that she saw that their *Snow-woman* was not a beggar or impostor. Impostor, indeed, she could not be, poor creature, as to the main parts of her story, her being buried alive in the snow, and nearly famished. Every thing they saw of her during the time she

staid at Crofton's cottage increased the interest they felt for her—she was so grateful—so little encroaching—so industrious; as soon as ever she was able, in fact, before she was well able, she set about doing needlework for Mrs. Crofton. But Molly, as she told Gerald, would not take her work from her without payment, “I only shammed taking the work from her for nothing, dear, not to vex her, but I counted up what she earned unknown'st to her, and see what I did (opening a chest), I got all her little *duds* back out of pawn—the black silk bonnet and all, which (added Molly, laughing), to the best of my opinion, is next to her children and husband, perhaps, what she is the fondest of in this life. Well, and even so, so much the greater the cratur's honesty, you know, that did not begrudge to give it off her head to pay her dues to the last farthing. By the same token she is as welcome as light to stay here with us till she's quite stout, and as long as she pleases, her and her's—if it were a twelvemonth.”

This permission was no trifling kindness, for the house was so small that Mrs. Crofton, who loved to have it neat too, was much inconvenienced by her guests; she gave up her own bed and room to them, and slept in the kitchen. Molly was a true Irish hospitable soul, who would never count up or tell or hear tell of what she gave or lost. She would not accept of any

payment for her lodgers from Gerald's father or mother, or remuneration in any form. Whatever was sent from the Castle was scrupulously set apart for the use of the *Snow-woman* and her children, or kept for them till it spoiled. Many times the woman, afraid of being a burthen, said she was well enough, quite well enough, to be stirring.

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## CHAP. IX.

## PERPLEXITY.

ONE day, after they had heard the poor woman declare that she was well able to go, Cecilia, as she was walking home, said to her brother, "Gerald, how very sorry that poor woman must be to get *quite* well; I remember I was very sorry to get quite well after my measles, because I knew that I should not have mamma and every body waiting upon me, and caring for me so very, very much. But then how dreadfully more your snow-woman must feel this—when all the wonder of her being buried alive is over, when we have no more questions to ask, and no more walking every day to see her, and no more pitying, and no more biscuits and broth and tea, and all manner of good things; and she must leave her warm bed, and Molly's comfortable house, and be turned out, as Molly says, into the cold wide world—and her children, one of them to

be carried all the way, and the other to go bare-foot. Gerald, at least I may give her a pair of my old shoes."

"But that will do little good," said Gerald, sighing, and he seldom sighed.

"I wish I could do more," said Cecilia, "but I have nothing. Oh! how I wish I could do something, mamma."

"You can make some warm clothes for the children, as you proposed yesterday, and I will give you flannel and whatever you want, Cecilia."

"Thank you, mamma; and you will cut them out, and I will work all day without stirring, mamma, or ever looking up till I have done. But even then it will be so very little compared with all she wants."

Cecilia now sighed more deeply than Gerald had sighed before.

"Gerald," she resumed, "I wish I was a fairy, even for one day, a good fairy, I mean."

"Good, of course; you could not be bad, Cecilia. Well, what would you do in that one day? I am curious to know whether it is the same thing that I am thinking of."

"No," said Cecilia, it cannot be, because I am thinking, my dear, of so many different things. But, in the first place, I would wave my wand and in a minute have a nice house raised, like Molly's, for the snow-woman."

"The very thing! I knew it," cried Gerald.

"Oh, Cecilia, if it could be!"

"There are no fairies left now in the world," said Cecilia mournfully, "that's all nonsense indeed."

"But I can tell you, Cecilia, there is still in the world what can do almost all that the fairies could do formerly, at least as to building houses, only not so quick quite—money."

"I guessed it before you came to the word 'Cecilia;' but what signifies that, I have no money—have you?"

"Some, but very little," said Gerald, feeling in his pocket, "too little, only pocket money. Oh, I wish, how I wish, Cecilia, I had as much money as papa has, or mamma," added he, stopping till they, who were walking behind them, came within hearing, and repeating his wish, added, "then I could do so much good."

"And if you had as much money as we have," said his mother, smiling, "you would want more to be able to do all the good you desire."

His father asked him to tell him what good in particular he thought he could do, and as they walked on Gerald stated, that in particular he would build, or buy a house ready built, "for the snow-woman."

"And furnished," interposed Cecilia.

"No, leave out the furniture for the present,"

said Gerald, "we cannot do every thing, I know, papa, at once. But seriously, papa, you have built houses for many of the tenants, and you have houses, cottages, one cottage at least, even now, to give to whoever you please, or whoever pleases you."

"Not exactly to whoever I please, or to whoever pleases me, but to those whom I think most deserving, and to those whom justice calls upon me to prefer. I have claims upon me from good old tenants, or their families, for every house I have to give or to let. How then can I give to a stranger, who has no claims upon me, merely to please myself or you."

"But she has the claim of being very wretched," said Gerald.

"And she has been buried in the snow," said Cecilia.

"And has been recovered," said her father.

"There's the worst of it," said Cecilia, "for now she is recovered she must go. We cannot help it, if we were to talk about it ever so much. But, mamma, though papa says people have never money enough to do all the good they wish, I think you have, for I remember about that cottage you built last year, you said, I recollect perfectly hearing you say the words, 'I know the way I can manage to have money enough to do it.' What did you mean, mamma, as you were not a fairy, how did you manage?"

Her mother smiled, but did not answer.

“ I will tell you,” said her father, “ the way in which she managed, and the only way in which people, let them have ever such large fortunes, can manage to be sure of having money enough to do what they wish most—she denied herself something that she would have liked to buy, but that she could do without—she very much wished at the time you speak of, Cecilia; to have bought a harp, on which she knew that I should have liked to hear her play.”

“ I remember that too,” cried Cecilia, “ I remember the harp was brought for her to look at, and she liked it exceedingly ; and then, after all, she sent it away and would not buy it, and I wondered.”

“ She could not have bought the harp and have built the cottage ; so she denied herself the harp that year, and she made her old woman, as you call her, happy for life.”

“ How very good !” said Cecilia.

Gerald fell into a profound silence, which lasted all the remainder of their walk home, till they reached the lodge at the entrance, when, opening the gate, he let his mother and sister pass, but arrested his father in his passage :—  
“ Father ! I have something to say to you, will you *walk behind* ?”

“ Son, I am ready to listen to you, and I will do any thing in my power to oblige you, but

you must explain to me how I am to walk behind."

"Oh, papa, you know what I mean; let mamma and Cecilia walk on, so as to be out of hearing, and we can follow behind. What I am thinking of, papa, is Garry Owen; you were so kind as to promise to buy him for me."

"Yes, as a reward which you deserved for your perseverance last year."

"Thank you, papa; but suppose, instead of Garry Owen—in short, suppose, papa, I were to give up Garry Owen."

"To give up Garry Owen!" exclaimed his father, starting back with surprise.

"I am not sure, papa, that I can bring myself to do it yet, I am only considering, therefore pray do not tell Cecilia or mamma. I want first to settle my own mind. If I were to give up Garry Owen, would you allow me to have the money which you would have paid for him, and let me do what I please with it?"

"Undoubtedly. But since you consult me, I strongly recommend it to you not to give up Garry Owen for any other horse or pony."

"For any other horse, certainly not, for I like him better than any other that I ever saw or heard of—the beautiful creature!" cried Gerald enthusiastically. "But if I could give him up, father, as mamma gave up the harp, would the



price of him build a cottage for the snow-woman ? And would you do it for me ?”

His father’s countenance brightened delightfully as Gerald spoke. “ Would I do it for you, my son !” said he, but checking himself, he added, in a composed voice, “ I would, Gerald. But are you sure that you would wish this to be done, that is the first point to be settled. Remember, that for this year to come I certainly shall not buy for you any other horse if you give up Garry Owen for this purpose : you must understand this clearly, and be prepared to abide by all the consequences of your own determination.”

“ Oh certainly, sir, I understand all that perfectly, I know it must be Garry Owen or the snow-woman, I never thought of any thing else ; it would be cheating you or cheating myself. But I have not come to my determination yet, remember that, father, and do not say that I go back—you understand.”

“ I understand you, Gerald, as well as you understand me ; so we need say no more about it till you have settled your mind.”

Which he was called upon to do sooner than he expected. Before he had considered all the pros and cons, before he had screwed his courage to the sticking place, he was summoned to the fight ; and well might his father fear that he would not come off victor of himself.

“ Oh, Gerald !” cried Cecilia, running back to meet him, “ Garry Owen is come ! Garry Owen is come ! that horse dealer man has brought him for you—yes, Garry Owen, I assure you I saw him in the back lawn : they are all looking at him, mamma too ! Come, come ! Run, run !



## PART III.



## CHAP. X.

## GARRY OWEN.

IN the back lawn was a group of people, the groom, the helper, the gossoon, the coachman, and, distinguished above the rest, the saddler, with a new saddle on his back, and a side-saddle and bridle and bits glittering and hanging about him in most admired disorder. The group opened on Gerald's approach, and full in the midst, on a rising ground, with the light of the setting sun upon him, stood Garry Owen, his present master the horsedealer beside him, holding his bridle as he curved his neck proudly. Garry Owen was of a dark iron gray, with black mane, tail, and legs.

“ Such a pretty colour,” said Cecilia, “ and such a fine flowing tail— oh, what a wisk he gave it !”

“ A remarkably pretty head,” said Gerald, “ is not it, father ?”

“ And how gently he puts it down to let mamma stroke it,” said Cecilia ; “ dear nice little creature, I may pat him, may not I ?”

“ You may, miss ; he is as gentle as the lamb, see, and as powerful as the lion,” said the horse dealer ; “ but it’s the spirit that’s in him will please Master Gerald above all.”

“ Yes, I do like a horse that has some spirit,” cried Gerald, vaulting upon his back.

“ Then there it is ! just suited ! for it’s he that has spirit enough for you, and you that has the spirit for him, Master Gerald.—See how he sits him !”

“ Without a saddle or a ha’porth !” said the saddler.

“ What need, with such a seat on a horse as Master Gerald has got, and such command.

“ Let him go,” said Gerald.

“ Take care,” said Cecilia.

“ Never fear, miss,” said the horse dealer ; and off Gerald went in a fine canter.

“ No fear of Master Gerald. See, see, see ! See there now !” continued the master of the horse triumphantly, as Gerald, who really rode extremely well for a boy of his age, cantered,

trotted, walked alternately, and showed all Garry Owen's paces to the best advantage. Suddenly a halloo was heard, huntsmen in red jackets appeared galloping across the adjoining field, returning from the hunt; Garry Owen and Gerald leaped the ditch instantly.

"Oh! oh!" cried Cecilia, "is the horse running away with him?"

"Not at all, miss—no fear—for Master Gerald has none. See there, how he goes. Oh prince o'ponies! Oh king of glory! See, up he is now with the red jackets—dash at all—over he goes—the finest leaper in the three counties—clears all before him, see!—there's a leap! and now, miss, see how he is bringing him back now to us, fair and *any* see! trotting him up as if nothing at all; then I declare it's a sight to see!"

Gerald came up and sat, as Garry Owen stood still in the midst of them, patting the pony, delighted with him much, and with himself not more, but certainly not a little.

"Then he's the finest rider ever I see of his years," cried the horse dealer in an ecstasy.

"The finest young gentleman rider that ever I see in all Ireland, without comparison, I say," pronounced the saddler, shutting one eye and looking up at him with the other, with an indescribably odd, doubtful smile. In this man's countenance there was a mixed or quickly

varying expression—demure, jocose, sarcastic; openly flattering, covertly laughing at the flattery, if not at the flattered; his face was one instant for the person he spoke to, the next for the bystanders. Aware at this moment who were standing by, he kept it as steady as he could. The horse dealer, in eager earnest intent on his object, continued in his ecstatic tone.

“ By the laws, then, I’d sooner bestow Garry Owen on Master Gerald than sell him at any price to any other.”

As Master Gerald’s father smiled somewhat incredulous, perhaps a little scornfully, the horse dealer instantly softened his assertion, by adding : —“ I should not say bestow, a poor man like me could not go to bestow, but I’d sooner sell him any price to Master Gerald, so I would, and not a word of lie, than to any mortal living in the three counties, or three kingdoms entirely—and rason, for it’s Master Gerald that would do Garry Owen most justice, and would show him off best; the fine horse should get the fine rider, and ’tis undeniable the young gentleman is that same any how.”

“ Kind father for him,” said the gamekeeper ; “ and the very moral of the master, Master Gerald is. The very sit of the father when first I seen him on a horse. Then may he be like him in all.”

“ And ’specially in having a good horse always

under him," said the horse dealer. "Who would have a right to the *raal* good horse but the *raal* good gentleman born?"

"Which the family is, and was from father to son time out of mind, as all the world knows and says as well as myself," added the saddler. "Father and son seldom comes a better."

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## CHAP. XI.

### GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

GERALD'S father, who had been for some time pacing up and down impatiently during this flow of flattery, had been more than once tempted to interrupt it. Disgusted and vexed as he was, and afraid that his son would be duped and swayed from his good purpose, he could hardly refrain from interference. But he said to himself, "My son must meet with flatterers, he should learn early to detect and resist flattery. I will leave him to himself."

"Father, are you gone? are you going?" cried Gerald, "I want to consult you. Will you not help me with your judgment?"

"You know my opinion of the horse, my dear Gerald," said his father; "as to the rest, I must leave you to yourself.—The money is ready for you."

As he spoke he took Cecilia by the hand to

lead her away, but she looked as if she had a great mind to see more of Garry Owen.

“ Pray, papa, let me stay,” said Cecilia, “ with mamma; mamma will walk up and down.”

Her father let go her hand and walked away.

“ May be Miss Cecilia could ride this pony too?” said the groom respectfully to Gerald.

“ To be sure,” said the horse dealer; “ put her up, and you’ll see how considerate Garry Owen will walk with the young lady.”

Cecilia mounted on Garry Owen was led twice round the back lawn, Gerald delighting in her delight.

“ And the young lady is a great soldier too,” said the horse dealer.

“ I did not feel the least bit afraid,” said she, as she jumped down, and patting Garry Owen now with fearless loud resounding pat, she pronounced him the gentlest of dear little creatures, and “ oh how glad I am,” continued she, “ that you are to belong to brother Gerald; many, many, many a pleasant ride I shall have upon you, Garry Owen—shall not I, Gerald?”

Gerald smiled; I cannot resist this, thought he, I must have Garry Owen.

“ The only thing I don’t like about him is his name, Gerald; I wish, when you have him, you would call him by some prettier name than Garry Owen—call him Fairy, Good Fairy.”



“ Or talking of fairies and fairy horses, if you had a mind to an odd Irish name, Miss Cecilia,” said the gamekeeper, “ you might call him Boli-aunbuia, which is the Irish name for the yellow rag weed that they call ‘ the fairies horses,’ because the fairies ride on them time immemorial.”

While the gamekeeper was making out some fitness in this conceit, which struck his own fancy, but nobody else’s, perhaps, the housekeeper came out to give to her mistress some message, in which the name of the snow-woman (a name which had been adopted below stairs as well as above) was often repeated.

“ What! do you say that she is going to-morrow?” inquired Gerald.

“ No, sir, but the day after she has fixed, and will come up here to take leave and thank all the family to-morrow. A grateful creature, ma’am, and not encroaching she is, as ever breathed, not expecting and expecting, like the rest, or too many of them. I’ve promised to buy from her some of the little worsted mittins and gloves she has been knitting, to put a few pence in her poor pocket.”

This speech brought back all Gerald’s thoughts from Garry Owen to the poor woman. He turned his back on the pony, took Cecilia aside, abruptly opened the matter to her, and asked if she could be contented if he should give up Garry Owen.

It was a sudden change. "Oh, could there be no other way?"

"None."

"Well, dear Gerald, do it then; oh never mind me! I am only sorry for your not having the beautiful pony; but then it will be so good of you—yes—yes—do it Gerald, do it."

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## CHAP. XII.

### SELF-DENIAL.

THE generous eagerness with which Cecilia urged him acted directly against her purpose, for he felt particularly sorry to give up what would be such a pleasure to her. With uncertain steps and slow he walked back again to those who waited his decision, and who stood wondering what he could be deliberating about. His speech, as well as his walk, betrayed signs of his inward agitation. It would not bear reporting; the honourable gentleman was scarcely audible—but those round Garry Owen gathered from what reached their ears that, "in short he did not know—he was not quite sure—he was not determined—or he was determined not to purchase Garry Owen, unless he should change his mind."

The auditors looked upon one another in unfeigned astonishment, and for half a minute

silence ensued. The master of the horse then said in a low voice, in Irish, to the saddler, "What can be the cause? The father said he had the money for him."

The saddler, in low voice, gnawing a bit of a leather strap, without turning head or eyes as he spoke, replied, "It's the housekeeper—something she put into the ear was the cause of the change."

"Just as your honour *plaases*, Master Gerald. Sir," said the horse dealer, stroking Garry's nose, "which ever way you think proper, Master Gerald," said he, in a tone in which real anger struggled and struggled in vain with habitual servility and professional art, all care for his monied interest forgotten in his sense of the insult which he conceived aimed at his horse; he continued, as he turned to depart, "I thank my stars then Garry Owen and I can defy the world, and all the slanderers, backbiters, and whisperers in it, whomsoever they be, man, woman, or child."

Cecilia looked half frightened, Gerald wholly bewildered.

"I don't understand you," said he.

"Why, then, master, I ax your pardon. But I think it is asy understanding *me*. Its plain some person or persons have whispered through another; perhaps"—glancing towards the spot where Gerald's mother was sitting drawing the group—

“ something, myself can’t guess what, against me or Garry Owen—a sounder horse never stepped nor breathed, I could take my affidavit, but I will not demean myself, I should not be suspected, I don’t deserve it from your honour; so I only wish, Master Gerald, you may find a better horse for yourself, if you can get one in all Ireland, let alone England.”

He turned Garry Owen to lead him down the hill as he spoke. Gerald, feeling for the man, and pleased with his feeling for the reputation of his horse and for his own suspected honour, now stood in his way to stop him, and assured him that nothing had been said to him by any human being to the disadvantage of Garry Owen or of himself.

But prepossessed with the belief, as is but too common in Ireland, and often too just, that some one had been belying him, the indignant horse dealer went on in the same tone, but seeming afraid of failing in respect to young master, he addressed his appeal to the groom.

“ Just-put-the-case-the-case-was-your-own !” Nine words which he uttered with such volubility that they sounded like one, and that one some magical adjuration. “ Just-put-the-case-the-case-was-your-own, would not ye have some feeling? Then, if by the blessing of luck I had been born a gentleman, and a great young gen-

tleman, like Master Gerald, why, in his place, I'd give up an informer as soon and sooner than look at him, who-some-dever he was, or who-some-dever she was, for it was a she I'm confident, from a hint I got from a frind."

" Tut, tut, man!" interposed the saddler, " Now, Dan Conolly, you're out o'rason entirely, and you are not listening to Master Gerald."

" Then I am listening to his honour—only I know it is only to screen the housekeeper, who is a favourite, and was never my frind, the young gentleman spakes—and I'm jealous of that."

This was more incomprehensible than all the rest to Cecilia and Gerald. While they looked at each other in amazement, a few words were whispered in Irish by the cunning saddler to the enraged horse dealer, which brought him to reason, or to whatever portion of reason he ever had.

The words were—" I must have mistaken, may be he'll come round again, and be for the horse."

## CHAP. XIII.

## THE DECISION.

“WHY then, Master Gerald, sir, I crave your pardon,” said the horse dealer in a penitent tone, “if I forgot myself and was too free, then I was too hot and out of rason; I’m sensible I’m subject to it. When a gentleman, especially one of this family that I’ve such a respect for, and then above all, when your honour, Master Gerald, would turn to suspect me—as I suspected you was suspecting me of going to tell you a lie, or misleading of you any way, about a horse of all things. But I mistook your honour—I humbly crave your honour’s pardon, Master Gerald.”

Gerald willingly granted his pardon, and liked him all the better for his warmth.

“About Garry Owen above all, I had no occasion to be puffing him off,” continued the master of the horse, turning to him proudly. “Then the truth is, it was only to oblige you, Master Gerald, and his honour your father, who was always my frind, as I ought to remember and do—it was only on that account, and my promise, that I brought Garry here *the* day, to make you the first offer at the price I first said; I won’t be talking ungenteel, it does not become

me; but I'd only wish your honour to know, without my mentioning it, that I could get more from many another."

"I am glad to hear that," said Gerald; "that relieves me from one difficulty—about you, Conolly."

"Oh, make no difficulty in life, my dear young gentleman, on account of me. If you have made up your mind to be off, and to give up Garry Owen, dear sir, it's done and done," said the knowing and polite horse dealer; "and 'tis I in this case will be obligated to you, for I have two honourable chaps in my eye this minute, both eager as ever you see to snap him up before I'd get home, or well out o'the great gate below; and to whichever of the two I'd give the preference, he would come down on the spot with whatsoever I'd name, ready money, and five guineas luck penny to boot."

"Very well, then," said Gerald, "you had better ——." But the words stuck in his throat.

"Is it Jonah Crommie, the rich grazier's son, that's one of your chaps, Dan Conolly?" asked the saddler.

The horse dealer nodded.

"Murder, man!" cried the saddler, "would you let him have Garry Owen? The likes of him—the squireen! the spalpeen! the mush-room! That puts me in mind of the miller, his

father, riding formerly betwix' two big sacks to the market, himself the biggest sack—Faugh! the son of the likes to be master of Garry Owen!”

“ They ought not to look so high, them graziers and middlemen, I admit,” said the horse dealer; “ the half gentleman might be content to be half mounted—but when there’s the money.”

“ Best not for him to be laying it out on Garry Owen,” said the saddler, “ for even suppose Garry would not throw him and break his neck at the first going off, I’ll tell you what would happen, Jonah Crommie would ruin Garry Owen’s mouth for him in a week, and make him no better than a garron. Did any body ever see Jonah Crommie riding a horse? Its this way he does it,” lugging at the bridle with the hand, and the two legs out. “ It is with three stirrups he rides.”

All joined in the laugh, groom, coachman, helper, gossoon and all. Garry Owen’s master then protested Jonah Crommie should never ride him. But the other offer for Garry was “ unexceptionable—undeniable.”

“ It is from Sir Essex Bligh, the member. Sir Essex wants an extraordinary fine pony for his eldest son and heir, young Sir Harry that will be; and he rides like an angel too! and what’s more, like a gentleman as he is too.



Accordingly, Monday morning, next hunt day, the young baronet that will be is to be introduced to the hunt, and could not be better than on Garry Owen here."

The whole hunt, in full spirit, was before Gerald's eyes, and young Sir Harry on "Garry Owen in glory." But Gerald's was not a mean mind, to be governed by the base motives of jealousy and envy. Those who tried these incentives did not know him. He now decidedly stepped forward, and patting the horse, said, "Good bye, Garry Owen, since I cannot have you, I am glad you will have a gentleman for your master, who will use you well and do you justice. Farewell for ever, Garry Owen." He put something satisfactory into the horse dealer's hand, adding, "I am sorry I have given you so much trouble. I don't want the saddle."

Then, turning suddenly away, Garry Owen was led off; and Gerald and Cecilia hastened to their mother, who, in much surprise, inquired what had happened.

"You will be better pleased, mamma, than if Gerald had a hundred Garry Owens," cried Cecilia.

At that moment their father threw open his study window and looked out, well pleased indeed, as he saw how the affair had ended. He came out and shook Gerald by the hand with

affectionate pleasure and paternal pride.—“Safe out of the hands of your flatterers, my boy, welcome to your friends! I am glad, my dear son, to see that you have self command sufficient to adhere to a generous intention, and to do the good which you purpose.”

Gerald's father put a purse containing the promised price of Garry Owen into his hand, and offered to assist him in any way he might desire in executing his plan for the snow-woman. After some happy consultations it was settled, that it would be best, instead of building a new house for her, which could not be immediately ready, to rent one that was already finished, dry, and furnished, and in which they could set her up in a little shop in the village. Whatever was wanting to carry this plan into execution, Gerald's father and mother supplied. They advised that Gerald should *give* only a part of the sum he had intended, and *lend* the other part to the poor woman, to be returned by small payments at fixed periods, so that it would make a fund that might be again lent and repaid, “and thus be continually useful to her, or to some one else in distress.”

“Gerald,” said his father, “you may hereafter have the disposal of a considerable property, therefore I am glad, even in these your boyish days, to have any opportunity of turning your

mind to consider how you can be most useful to your tenantry. I have no doubt, from your generous disposition, that you will be kind to them; but I feel particular satisfaction in seeing that you early begin to practise that self denial which is in all situations essential to real generosity."



# MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY MR. ASTON.



**WHEN** the morning shining bright  
 Bids me through the meadows stray,  
 While the lingering dews of night  
 Make each leaf and blossom gay;  
 Let me then with footstep light  
 Hasten, and the call obey;  
 And in every object find  
 Some instruction for the mind.

Ant, that still with willing pain  
 Dost for wintry hours prepare,  
 Toiling at each weighty grain,  
 Hoarding up the precious fare;  
 May it be my aim to gain  
 Future good with equal care :

Nor through summer's sportive day  
Fling the passing hours away.

Daisy, that at evening's close  
Holdest up thy modest flower,  
And, when gloomy darkness goes,  
Openest to the morning's power ;  
So may peaceful sweet repose  
Meet me still at slumber's hour :  
So may I salute the day,  
Humble, pure, untroubled, gay.

Thou that over all that live  
Makest gifts of mercy fall,  
That to some dost beauty give,  
Strength to others, good to all ;  
While thy power I thus perceive,  
And thy blessings still recall,  
Blameless may life's morning flee,  
And its evening be with thee !



## L'ÉGOÏSTE CORRIGÉE.

PAR MADAME DE LABOURT.

*Henriette. Maman.*

*Hen.* EH BIEN, maman, ne vous l'ai-je pas dit ? J'ai remporté le prix de musique, de dessin, et d'histoire. Que j'étois contente de voir mes camarades de pension humiliées tandis qu'on me couronnoit de fleurs ! Mais vous ne répondez pas, chère maman ; ordinairement vous avez la bonté de m'encourager, et aujourd'hui que j'ai gagné une victoire brillante, il sembleroit que vous ne soyez pas contente.

*Mam.* Personne plus que moi n'admire les talents ; mais s'ils effacent des vertus plus solides, j'aurois plutôt sujet de m'attrister que de me réjouir.

*Hen.* Est-ce que les vertus s'effacent chez moi, maman ?

*Mam.* Du moins tu les oublies, puisqu'un petit succès te fait trouver du plaisir dans les peines qu'éprouvent les autres.

*Hen.* Convenez cependant que c'est bien de mériter les louanges de grands personnages, surtout comme je m'instruis pour le plaisir de paroître instruite.

**Mam.** Pourtant l'instruction a un but bien plus noble que celui d'une vaine ostentation de science.

**Hen.** Lequel est-il, maman ?

**Mam.** Parcequ'en cultivant notre esprit, nous sommes plus à même d'apprécier le pouvoir, la bienveillance, et la sagesse de Dieu ; nous nous ouvrons aussi mille sources de plaisir, et nous nous préparons autant de moyens pour nous rendre utiles aux autres.

**Hen.** Vous pensez toujours aux autres, maman.

**Mam.** Et Henriette ne pense qu'à elle.

**Hen.** De qui voulez-vous donc que je m'occupe ?

**Hen.** De tous ceux qui t'entourent, comme le meilleur moyen d'arriver au bonheur.

**Hen.** Voilà ce que je ne comprends pas.

**Mam.** Parceque tu es une egoïste.

**Hen.** C'est un vilain titre ; je voudrais bien en être quitte.

**Mam.** Le moyen en est facile ; oublie une certaine petite personne qui se nomme Henriette.

**Hen.** Ce n'est guère facile, maman.

**Mam.** Cependant si en t'occupant du bonheur des autres, tu éprouvais mille jouissances pour une.

**Hen.** Mille jouissances pour une ! êtes vous sûre de votre calcul, maman ?

**Mam.** Sans doute, plus on étend les plaisirs du cœur, plus on les multiplie. La nature nous



a doués de la sensibilité, de la bienveillance, de la générosité, de la sympathie ; ce sont des éléments de bonheur que l'égoïste ignore, car ses pensées, ses actions, ne se rapportent qu'à lui seul. Il ressemble à un instrument qui n'a qu'un son.

*Hen.* Bien, maman, ce soir je ferai l'épreuve de votre belle morale. C'étoit mon intention de faire un grand étalage de mes talents devant Madame La Princesse, mais au lieu d'attirer ses louanges sur moi seule, je ferai en sorte que chacune de mes amies en ait sa part : je dirai à Emilie d'apporter ses dessins ; Josephine dansera, Albertine chantera, et moi, je pincerai de la harpe.

*Mam.* Et ton amie Cécile ?

*Hen.* Oh ! je la déteste ; figurez-vous, maman, qu'elle m'a appelée une avare.

*Mam.* Et tu te déshonores par un vice si bas, si avilissant que celui de la vengeance ! Chère amie, je vois avec peine un manque de noblesse d'âme en tout ce que tu fais.

*Hen.* Cependant c'est bien permis de se venger.

*Mam.* Oui ; et si tu veux, je te citerai un trait d'un de mes amis qui t'apprendra comment il faut s'y prendre pour punir un ennemi.

*Hen.* Volontiers, maman.

*Mam.* Le Baron de Baumetz, d'un extérieur aimable, ayant de l'esprit, une fortune colossale, respecté par les riches, aimé par les pauvres, avoit choisi pour ami Félix de St. Amand, qui, entraîné par la jalousie, fit son possible pour nuire au



baron dans l'esprit public. Instruit de la trahison de Félix, le baron rompit toute liaison avec lui.

Quelque temps après, le jeune St. Amand perdit sa fortune, et se trouva dans la position la plus pénible; sans argent, sans amis! "Ah!" pensoit-il, "pourquoi n'ai-je pas ménagé l'amitié du baron? jamais il ne m'auroit abandonné, mais je n'ai pu vaincre l'envie que ses bonnes qualités m'inspiroient; aujourd'hui il est vengé." Tout en faisant ces tristes réflexions, il entend sonner à la porte, et son domestique lui apporte une lettre de la part du consul de ———, qui le prioit de se rendre chez lui sur le champ. "Le consul de ———?" répétoit Félix, "je ne le connois pas; pourquoi me demande-t-il?" Il se hâta cependant de se rendre à son invitation, et ne fut pas peu surpris, en arrivant chez le consul, de l'offre qu'il lui fit de la place de secrétaire. "Un de mes amis," lui dit-il, "m'a tant vanté vos talents, que je désire beaucoup que nous puissions nous convenir." "Puis-je vous demander son nom?" demanda Félix. "Je vous le dirois avec plaisir, si l'on n'avoit pas exigé le secret. Il paroît que vous avez eu quelque petit différent ensemble." "Ah!" pensa Félix, "il n'y a que le baron qui soit capable de faire du bien sans autre motif que celui d'obliger. Je reconnois là sa grandeur d'âme;" et, plus prompt que l'éclair, il se rendit chez son ancien ami, qu'il trouva entouré d'une société nombreuse. Il falloit du courage pour avouer ses torts devant

tant de monde; mais il ne recula pas, et, se jetant dans les bras du baron, il implora son pardon. “ Vous avez beau cacher votre nom,” dit-il; “ vous êtes mon bienfaiteur; vous avez assuré ma fortune, mon avenir; je n’espère point égaler votre générosité, mais mon cœur succombera sous le poids de tant de bienfaits, si vous me privez du bonheur d’exprimer ma reconnaissance.” “ Si ma conduite vous paroît généreuse,” répondit le baron, “ vous prenez maintenant votre revanche: des torts avoués sont plus que réparés.”

*Hen.* Ah, maman, que j’aime le baron !

*Mam.* Tu vois donc le double fruit qu’on retire d’une bonne action; non seulement on a la consolation de remplir son devoir, mais l’exemple influe tellement sur les hommes vicieux, qu’en dépit même de leurs mauvaises inclinations, la vertu les attire.

*Hen.* Bien, maman, je sais maintenant me venger. Je vous promets de ne pas oublier la petite leçon que vous venez de me donner, et Cécile en ressentira les effets:

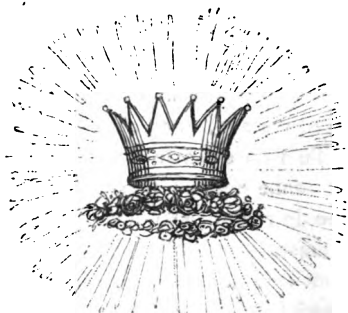


# IMPROMPTU

ON THE

Juvenile Entertainment given by His Majesty.

BY MRS. EMMERSON.



THE ball-room was lighted, the monarch was there,  
 Who graciously welcomed a host of the fair;  
 And princes and nobles respectful advance  
 To enjoy the gay scene or engage in the dance:  
 But the cherubic throng that each parent did bring  
 Were the objects that mostly delighted their king!  
 For *them* the rich banquet and ball were prepared,  
 And freely his smiles and his goodness they shared;  
 And each little tongue, with ecstatic delight,  
 Will long talk of the bliss it enjoy'd on that night.

## THE AMBITIOUS PRIMROSE.

A FABLE.

BY MISS DAGLEY.



A PRIMROSE once adorned a field which was divided by a hedge from a beautiful flower garden. This plant happened to grow in rather a higher situation than some of her kindred flowers; and it also happened that little Miss Primrose possessed two qualities in her nature likely to disturb her *répose*—ambition and curiosity. Because chance had placed her on more elevated ground, she took it for granted that she had more merit than her companions; and because there was a boundary near her, she never rested till she had got her head high enough to be able to peep through the hedge,

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and see what was on the other side. A view of the garden at once banished peace from the breast of the primrose.

“Oh!” cried she, “that fate had but destined me a station within that lovely spot, even as the trefoil or white clover that grows amidst the grass; I should be happy if I were but in that paradise of delights.”

The parent plant, from which she was a seedling, heard with anxiety the lamentations of her offspring.

“Alas! my sweet daughter,” said she, “how comes it that, of all the inhabitants of this pleasant neighbourhood, you alone should pine in sorrow? Why, when you enjoy the same blessings as suffice for the happiness of your family and friends, are you not satisfied also?”

“Dear mother,” replied the foolish little primrose, “if you were but in my place, and could see through the hedge what I have the constant view of, you would no longer be contented with your lowly condition. There was indeed a time when I thought the field in which we grow (this world of ours), all that was delightful; but since I have seen the splendours of a garden, how different does every thing appear!”

“Alas! my beloved floweret, you know not what you wish for, or those pampered favourites of fortune, that grow within the garden’s enclosure, would no longer be the objects of your

envy. In all that truly constitutes happiness, we enjoy to the full as much as they do: the warm rays of the sun and the balmy influence of the dew come to all alike. You perhaps lament that you have not the protection and shelter which, in inclement weather, is afforded to the puny plants that have been rendered tender by over care, to which every breeze is a whirlwind, and every shower a storm. Rather rejoice in the vigour which renders you independent of such aid. Or perhaps you regret, my child, that you are not in a situation to share ~~that~~ admiration you think you merit. While we in this secluded spot pass our time peaceably amidst our own kindred, each contented with its own condition, and rejoicing in the happiness of the whole, the existence of those whose lot you think so desirable is passed in a feverish anxiety to gain admiration; and all the kindlier feelings are stifled in the desire to outshine each other. Little did I imagine, when I beheld my fair seedling start from the green earth, and rejoiced in the advantageous height on which she grew, that the circumstance of being better off than her companions would lead to the vain desire of filling a station for which nature never designed her."

The young primrose heard, but did not attend. She felt no conviction from the argument which her parent had used. Her sickly fancy still

pursued the idea that to be one among the garden flowers must be the height of happiness ; and she neglected the blessings within her reach, to pine after those which, to all appearance, she was so little likely to obtain.

The most unlooked for events, however, sometimes come to pass ; and so it happened with the little primrose. The same opening, which gave her an opportunity of viewing the garden, displayed her to the sight of those within its boundaries ; and a little girl, who was one day running along one of its nicely gravelled walks, seeing the pretty plant on the other side of the bank, with the usual childish love of flowers, set to work, and transplanted the primrose within the long wished for precincts.

The means used by the inexperienced young gardener were rather rough and clumsy ; and the shock experienced by the poor primrose, on her removal, was so violent, that at first she was hardly aware of what had befallen her ; but after a short time, when a supply of water had revived her drooping head, and she turned her gaze on the scene around, and found herself an inmate of the gay parterre, wonder and joy for some time engrossed her mind. Not only was she admitted into this region of delight, but she was placed in the front row of the border, in the most prominent situation ; for the child, whose fancy had led her to promote the field flower to a place in the garden,

in the happy ignorance of youth, which could not distinguish between wild and cultivated plants, but thought that whatever was beautiful and fragrant was valuable, had planted her new favourite in the choicest part of the border.

When the first emotions of pride and delight had somewhat subsided, and our primrose had time for reflection, although the passion of ambition had considerably subdued her natural affections, still she could not be thus suddenly torn from her native earth, and from all her kindred and friends, without a feeling of regret, which in some measure damped the pleasure that would otherwise have been unalloyed. Regret, however, was useless and foolish; for, had she not attained the height of her wishes, and the station for which she had so often sighed?

As time, however, passed on, and the charms of novelty wore away, the primrose discovered that even the attainment of her wishes did not bring all the happiness it promised. There was a chilliness in all around, which even the warm rays of the cheering sun seemed hardly able to overcome; it was the coldness of reserve that pervaded the whole place.

Timid, and unused to the society into which she had been brought, the stranger floweret looked up, in awe and admiration, to the stately plants which grew around her.



“I wonder,” thought she, “when I shall be on terms of intimacy with my fine neighbours. To be sure it is not for one of my rank to make the first advances towards acquaintanceship, so of course I must wait patiently.”

But patience did nothing for her; her mild demeanour and unobtrusive manners gained her no good will. The most worthless weed that ever grew would as soon have been admitted into the society of the proud children of the parterre, as our poor little primrose; for, unfortunately, she bore the mark of her cast; she was *a field flower*.

She soon discovered that in this place there were many degrees of rank. The trees and evergreens flourished in solitary grandeur, losing all the pleasures of society, because they deemed few worthy of holding intercourse with them. Next to them, the choicest flowers appeared to have a separate court, and would no more make friends with the lower order of flowers than with the primrose herself.

“How different from my native bank!” sighed the primrose; “where the stately ash kindly lent its shelter and protection to the humblest of the hedgerow flowers, and bent down its graceful branches to protect them; nor did the elegant convolvulus think itself degraded to twine along with the lowly ground-ivy. Surely, however,

with the polyanthus and the hepatica, I shall become a friend and associate; my blossoms are as fair, and my leaves as green as theirs."

Again, however, the primrose found herself mistaken: although despised by their superiors, these very little and insignificant plants were yet garden flowers. From this lower order of gentility she experienced even more repelling coldness and contempt than from those of the higher circle. The nearer she approached them in appearance, the farther off she seemed from gaining a footing amongst them.

Even a dingy snuff-coloured polyanthus, though not possessing half the claims to regard of our wild flower, yet turned her brown buds away with the utmost disdain.

"Alas!" thought the primrose, "my mother was right. This is no place for me."

She then set about to consider what it could be that rendered her thus obnoxious to all around her; and made her forlorn and isolated in the midst of society. It could not be her colour; many of the highest rank bore the same; and other plants, who had treated her with the utmost contempt, though differing in colour, had leaves and flowers of a form similar to her own.

While thus vainly endeavouring to discover the reason why she was an object of scorn, she observed at a little distance a plant exactly resembling herself, except that its buds had not

yet opened. She watched the unfolding of these buds with the greatest anxiety, for an instinctive feeling made her hope that in this plant she might find a friend.

At length one of the blossoms unfolded, and she saw, to her infinite joy, that its petals were of the same hue as her own. Doubtless then this must be one of her class; but, on more fully expanding, she remarked, that though the same in colour, the flowers were double; and, like a vulgar person much dressed, the cultivated primrose seemed not a little to value herself on the distinction she had by these means obtained.

Our friend of the field, however, resolved to throw herself on the compassion of her newly discovered relation; for, notwithstanding the ruffles in which the original form of the flower was disguised, the marks of relationship were too plain to be mistaken.

The primrose therefore entreated her cultivated cousin to take her under her protection; and instruct her in what way to behave, so as to gain the regard of those by whom she was surrounded.

The double primrose was disconcerted at being thus called upon; and wished her new relation at the bottom of a ditch rather than growing in her neighbourhood to disgrace her: there was no help for it however, so, assuming an air of patronage:—

“ My young friend,” said she, “ you have done wrong in applying to me for advice ; you should rather have asked it of the red primrose on your left, who, it is very evident, is nearer akin to you than I am : in growth, and in all but colour, she might be taken for your twin sister. The same hardiness of constitution proclaims her to have sprung from the field, for I verily believe her flowers have been out all through the winter, while my tender blossoms have scarcely yet dared to unfold themselves. As, however, you have requested my counsel, I will give you the best in my power. In the first place, do not make your flowers too common, by displaying too many at once : but, above all, since you have got into good ground, endeavour to draw such juices from it as will change your colour ; if you can but become crimson, or even pink, you will no longer be considered a field primrose, but may, perhaps, be admitted into the rank of a garden flower, in which case I should myself be willing to introduce you to my good friends the double oxlip, the grandiflora daisy, and the rest of our very select society. I must now wish you a good morning ; the wind blows too sharp for one of my delicate nature to endure the fatigue (under its influence) of a longer conversation. Besides which, excuse me, I should be sorry to hurt your feelings ; but you know the world will

talk. I must, therefore, beg leave for the present to drop all further acquaintance with a field flower."

The poor little primrose found herself again alone. What was to be done? Although in her heart she despised the mean pride of her relation, who it was plain had come from no higher origin than herself, but, by dint of crumpling up her numberless petals, had disguised, though by no means improved her natural form; and thought to prove her high breeding by giving herself airs of exotic delicacy; still the primrose knew not what better to do than to follow the advice which had been offered. So accordingly she shrunk up her buds, and was contented for the remainder of the season to display only green leaves. "Better," thought she, "not to bloom at all, than have flowers which make me despised by all about me."

In the mean time she did not fail, according to the instruction she had received, to extract such peculiar nourishment from the soil as would inevitably change the colour of her blossoms. But her health and vigour began to be somewhat impaired, the earth was too rich, the parterre too much enclosed; and our unfortunate primrose found that, even if she attained her utmost wish, it would cost her dear. Hope and pride, however, supported her, time passed on, and again

the season approached in which her flowers would appear, and she might boldly expand them in the face of day. Late in the spring, few in number, and small in size, they at last opened; and the colour was no longer that of a common primrose,—but what was the exchange? Not crimson, nor even pink; but a faint dull mixture of red and yellow.

The unfortunate primrose had lost her wild beauty and native vigour without gaining any advantage by the change! From being merely neglected, she had now become an object of aversion. Her proud kinswoman had gained the point she desired; the despised plant in its altered colour could no longer pass for one of her family; but the crimson primroses were indignant at the idea of the vulgar stranger's attempt to vie with them in appearance and colour, which, after all, was but an attempt; while the polyanthuses did not fail to attribute the diminished size of her flowers and dingy hue to a desire of imitating them. This was an unpardonable offence; for, though possessing neither rarity nor fragrance, nor any valuable quality, they came of a very ancient stock, and, having nothing else to boast of, were proportionably proud of that distinction. In short, the poor primrose, of small estimation before, was now lessened even in her own sight; and griev-

ously did she lament the ambitious desire which had first led her to seek a station in which she found herself an intruder.

A beautiful hyacinth, which had lately been planted in her neighbourhood, saw and pitied the condition of the hapless primrose. This flower was one of the most rare and valuable of the class to which it belonged; but, with the true generosity of real worth, felt that to show kindness to the unfortunate would in no degree derogate from her own dignity; the primrose, thankful, and rejoiced to have at length found a friend, related her melancholy story, in which she did not attempt to extenuate her past folly.

"Alas!" said she, "I have slighted the advice of my dear mother, and cared no longer for the friends of my youth or the protector of my infancy; and the misery I endure is but the just punishment of my ingratitude and presumption."

"My child," said her kind friend, "to be aware of our folly is one step towards amendment; but mildness and humility, the attributes which render your tribe lovely and beloved, are not the virtues valued or sought for in this glittering garden. The best advice I can now give you is, no longer to try to appear what you are not. In attempting to copy the gay inmates of the garden, you lose your best title to regard. Have the proper pride of independence, and do

not disgrace your own sweet and simple nature by appearing ashamed of it."

The primrose expressed her gratitude to the kind bulb; and, following this good counsel, again suffered her blossoms to assume their original hue, and became once more the unpretending *field primrose*.

The kindness shown her by the high-born hyacinth had its effects on the plants of the border; and her double-flowering cousin, no longer afraid of committing herself, since the hyacinth set the example, was willing to show her her countenance. The crimson primroses too, now that she no longer sported a shade of their livery, were willing to be neighbourly. Even the little tawny-coloured polyanthus would occasionally give her a nod of recognition. But notwithstanding she was partially favoured, the primrose was still unhappy. She felt how different is the capricious kindness of the vain and proud from the affection of the truly worthy;—knowing that when her valued protector should be removed, her sunshine friends would again look coldly upon her.

Completely cured of *ambition*, our primrose sighed more ardently to be restored to her native bank, than she had ever done to gain admittance into the garden. The following season granted her desire, and beheld her blooming in artless beauty amongst her kindred flowers.



How she became restored to her native field is not exactly to be ascertained; perhaps the gardener thought her more fit for the hedgerow than the parterre; or, it may be, the little girl who had first promoted her, had got some gayer plant to fill her place; but, too compassionate to throw the wild flower away, kindly replaced her on the bank from whence she sprang; or, it may be, that the fairy queen of flowers, knowing that her vanity and ambition had been sufficiently punished, wafted her back by enchantment.



## SONG.

BY MISS MITFORD.



**GIVE thee good morrow, busy bee !  
    No cloud is in the sky,  
The ringdove skims across the lea,  
    The matin lark soars high ;  
Gay sunbeams kiss the dewy flower,  
    Slight breezes stir the tree,  
And sweet is thine own woodbine bower—  
    Good morrow, busy bee !**

**Give thee good even, busy bee !**

**The summer day is by,**

**Now droning beetles haunt the lea,**

**And shrieking plovers cry ;**

**The light hath paled on leaf and flower,**

**The night-wind chills the tree,**

**And thou well laden leavest thy bower,**

**Good even, busy bee !**



## OLD TIMES.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.



"I HAVE read the history of England all through with great attention, mamma," said Francis Clifford to his mother, "and I now wish that you would tell me how I am to learn something of the childhood of the remarkable persons mentioned there. I want to know what sort of boys those people were, who afterwards became warriors and legislators, mamma."

"For this purpose," replied Mrs. Clifford,

“you must read biography as diligently as you have read history, Frank; but you must not expect many particulars of the early lives of remarkable men, for people were not so diligent in collecting such particulars in former times as they are now.”

“That is a great pity, for there must have been many things in the lives even of children, well worth recording, when so many battles were fought between the Houses of the Red and White Roses, and so many heads of families slain, the children were surely very much to be pitied, mamma? I can't think what became of them.”

“They must indeed have suffered dreadfully, and in many instances have perished for want of their natural protectors. In general the widows and orphans were fed at the different convents, of which there were many in our county of York, where, you may remember, most of the great battles were fought. Indeed this neighbourhood, on the banks of the Wharf, has been the scene of many remarkable events, and some in which boys were concerned—does not your memory furnish you with recollections on this subject?”

“I remember that Prince Lionel, when only twelve years old, accompanied his mother to fight against the Scots just on the borders of the county, and that a great victory was gained, which was a very good thing, for they had laid the whole country waste up to our own village

not long before. I dare say the young prince fought bravely, mamma, because his father was a famous conqueror, you know, and his brother the Black Prince loved fighting so well, that he fought for Peter the Cruel of Spain, which, in my opinion, was very unworthy of him. I should like to go into a battle myself, but then it should be for my king and my country, mamma—not for a bad man or a bad cause.”

“You are quite right in your distinctions, Frank; but do you remember nothing of unfortunate fighting in which a boy was concerned?”

“Oh, yes! at the battle of Sandal Edmund Earl of Rutland, the Duke of York’s youngest son, was killed after the battle in cold blood by Lord Clifford. I have some lines in my pocket book taken out of an old poem by my uncle William, and he says they are exactly true, for they were written by Drayton, an old poet:—

Where York himself before his castle gate,  
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead,  
Upon whose body Clifford down him sate,  
Stabbing the corpse, and, cutting off his head,  
Crown’d it with paper, and, to wreake his teene,  
Presents it so to his victorious queene.

The Earle of Rutland, the duke’s youngest son,  
Then in his childhood, and of tender age,  
Coming in hopes to see the battaile won,  
Clifford (whose wrath no rigour could assuage)  
Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneel,  
In his soft bosom sheaths his sharpen’d steel.

“ Dear mamma,” added Frank, after musing a few moments over this painful detail, “ surely this cruel Lord Clifford was no relation of ours; he was a wicked, cruel, revengeful man.”

“ He was so in this instance certainly, for although his father was killed in battle with the Duke of York by that prince’s hand, and he owed much to the house of Lancaster, his conduct to the poor little Rutland admits of no apology. He appears to have been a very hot-headed young man, and both parties were so ferocious at that period, that he probably thought it a merit to outdo them even in brutality.”

“ He was killed soon after himself at the battle of Towton by an arrow—*that* was the most bloody of all the battles, for more than thirty-six thousand persons were left dead on the field. Papa showed me the little river Coc, which runs into the Wharf, on the banks of which the bodies were so heaped up that when they afterwards fell in, they formed a kind of bridge, and the whole stream, though swollen by heavy rains, ran purple with their blood. Clifford, I believe, was killed early in the day?”

“ He was, my dear; and although only twenty-six years of age, he left a widow and two sons, the elder of whom was in his seventh year, and, as I know no child whose memoirs are more interesting, I will tell you all the little I have been able to collect respecting him. You are

aware that, after the battle of Towton, the house of York gained the complete ascendancy, and being altogether as bloodthirsty as Clifford himself, their first inquiry, after they had ascertained his death, was for the residence of his innocent offspring. Their poor mother, shocked as she must be, by the fate of her husband (who appears to have been amiable and affectionate in private life, though a fury in the field of battle), lost no time in conveying the boys to the seaside, intending to send them for safety into the Low Countries. Being closely watched, she was enabled only to effect the present safety of Richard the younger, and this poor little exile dying soon after his arrival, she determined on secreting the eldest in the neighbourhood of Londesbury, where she had resided since her marriage. Here he lived in the cottage of her herdsman, passing for the son of a married servant, it being given out that he had died abroad as well as his brother. He was inured to the most humble occupations, and neither taught to read nor write, for as such accomplishments were at that time never given to people in his apparent state, his mother durst not run the risk of drawing attention to him by allowing him to gain such advantages. It was found that success and prosperity did not soothe the revengeful spirit of Edward since his accession to the throne, and as his numerous partisans in this county continued their system of espial



on the widowed mother, her unhappy boy was still condemned to all the hardships attendant on a state of poverty and banishment. It was the more necessary to keep a continual guard upon all his movements, and use every means to elude suspicion, because he grew up a tall, handsome boy, with a commanding mien, and the marked features of his grandfather, who was well remembered by all the country, by whom he was beloved and regretted.

I leave you to judge, my dear Frank, what daily trials this innocent boy was subject to—how hard it was to be living in absolute want whilst lord of all the soil over which he was wandering, and when from habit he had learned to live on poor and scanty food, to wear coarse clothing, and sleep on straw in a cold cottage, still the great want of his heart would inevitably remain. He must want his mother, his dear and only parent; for her, his aching breast was continually yearning, and well did he know how severely she suffered in her sympathies for his privations, how solicitous she must be for the society of her only child. If she crossed his path with either companion or attendant, her eyes must be averted from *him*, nor could he dare to cast one glance at *her*, lest he should bring that destruction on his own head, which would have broken the heart of his beloved mother.

“Undoubtedly there were times when she ventured to see him, to supply his wants so far as it was prudent, and to give him those kind counsels it is to this day his honour that he obeyed so well. He was a boy of good understanding, gentle manners, and benevolent disposition; and although he inherited the spirit and courage of his distinguished ancestors, his good sense and filial affection never allowed him to give the reins to that temper of mind which would have plunged him into irremediable difficulties. He wisely practised the courage of endurance, always the most difficult to a young and ardent spirit; but, in spite of all his caution, and the discreet management of Lady Clifford, when he was about twelve years of age, reports of his existence were revived, and the woods of Londesbury were no longer a safe refuge for the young exile. At this period, happily for him, his mother formed a second marriage; and in Sir Lancelot Threlkeld he obtained an excellent father-in-law, who left no means untried to ensure his safety. This gentleman was the owner of the village of Threlkeld in Cumberland, where he possessed extensive manors; and to this place he caused the young lord to be conveyed by his shepherds, with whom from that time he constantly associated, thereby obtaining the name of the ‘shepherd earl,’ by which he is recognised in many old writings.”

“ But, mamma,” cried Frank with great emotion, “ though he might be safe in Cumberland, he had lost his only comfort—he could not take a little *little* peep at his mother, and remember she *was* his mother. He could not creep into the same church with her, and think that he was praying to the same all-seeing God at the same time, which used to be a consolation to him. Oh! I am very sorry for him now—he has not even one of the old servants to look kindly at him!”

“ You are mistaken, my dear; Sir Lancelot was a man in great esteem, and he could go to his estates in the north, and take his lady with him without suspicion; and in that thinly inhabited, mountainous country they could meet the young man without exciting suspicion. By the counsel and kindness thus bestowed, poor Lord Clifford undoubtedly supported his spirits, and fortified his resolution; and, during his sojourn here, he formed acquaintance with persons of so much piety and good sense that, notwithstanding his ignorance of books, he attained considerable cultivation of mind. He lived in the midst of beautiful and magnificent scenery, with which he had the good taste to be delighted; he was fond of exploring the wild and trackless mountains around him, investigating nature philosophically, and, above all, in adoring the God of nature as revealed in his works and his word,

about which he was continually making every inquiry within his bounded power."

"And he remained there till he was a man?"

"Yes, my dear, in this state of banishment and comparative suffering, the earl remained full twenty-five years; being thirty-two years of age, when, from the downfall of Richard, he was delivered from his last enemy, and enabled to reclaim his honours and his property. He appeared at the court of Henry VII. on the first meeting of parliament, when he was fully restored to his baronies, lands, and castles. A sense of his deficient education (for he now first learned to write his name) rendered him modest even to timidity, on his first mingling with the world, but his conversation displayed the soundness of his understanding, the simplicity, rectitude, and piety of his heart. He had married a lovely and virtuous wife, the daughter\* of Sir John St. John, and after visiting his noble Castles of Brougham and Skipton, with Londesbury, the place of his birth and the scene of his first trials, he chose the Tower of Bardon, situate on the banks of the Wharf, in the fine woods of Bolton, for his residence. Here he pursued the means of knowledge so long denied to him, and dispensed to the best purposes his noble income; but he did not, therefore, forsake his public duties, as in the following reign he was a principal commander

\* Celebrated as the "nut-brown maid."

in the victory obtained at Flodden Field. His son was created Earl of Cumberland; his grandson was a distinguished naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, contributing principally to the destruction of the Spanish Armada. When this nobleman died, his property, which was now so extensive as to include five castles besides Bardon Tower, descended to his daughter Anne, who, having lost her husband the Earl of Pembroke, resided wholly in the country at one or other of her seats, all of which she repaired or rebuilt, and so diffused the benefit of her property as to prove a great blessing to her tenantry. Skipton Castle and Brougham Castle, with other places, came after her death to the Earls of Thanet. Londesbury, Bolton, and Bardon belong to the Dukes of Devonshire, Charlotte, the last heiress of the Cliffords, marrying in 1742 the great grandfather of the present duke."

"I dare say he little thought, when he was wandering round Londesbury, or watching his sheep on the mountains in Cumberland, that the time could possibly arrive when he would lead an army to battle, or preside like a feudal lord over such a country as Craven, mamma? yet I dare say he never forgot that he was born a gentleman, that it became him to be lowly, but not servile; industrious, but not mean. I wish I had known him! how I should have liked to go into the woods and seek him, to have a good game of trap-ball, to carry him some fruit or

books, and teach him to read in some close dell where nobody could find us out. I would not have betrayed him, mamma, no ! not for Edward's crown."

" I am sure you would not, my dear Frank ; but yet I think there would have been a little risk in your hours of play ; and I must own I rejoice that you were born in very different times, and can every day enjoy companions more happily situated."

" But, mamma, is not this the very same Clifford that the old verses are about, where they say :—

From Pennigent to Pendle hill,  
From Linton to Long Addingham,  
And all that Craven coasts did till,  
They with the lusty Clifford came.  
All Staincliffe hundred went with him,  
And striplings strong from Wharfedale.

Now you would certainly have been glad that I should be a 'stripling strong,' and go out to fight with this noble Clifford?"

" I had much rather have you in the present times, Frank, and situated as you are, though I am much pleased with your inquiries as to times that are past. It is by fairly comparing them that we are enabled to judge of the benefits we enjoy. Depend upon it, Frank, both parents and children have now many privileges utterly unknown to the country in those days of splendour and poverty, pride in the high, and mis-

in the low. There is one blessing far greater than the rest, can you tell me what it is?"

"I dare say, mamma, it is the Reformation—I mean, it is having the Bible in every body's own house, without any risk of being burnt to death for reading it—or, perhaps, you mean the Glorious Revolution, mamma?"

"You were right in the first instance, Frank, but the second is also a thing to be greatly thankful for; you may describe the blessing of which I speak, Civil and Religious Liberty."

"Then, mamma, since I have made such a very good guess, I hope you will reward me by recollecting more true stories about remarkable boys, of whom I cannot find any account in my books. Next to the pleasure of riding on the pony, and going with papa to look at castles, and caverns, and places of battle, I do dearly love to hear my kind mamma talk to me about good people and 'Old Times.'"



## THE MOTHER'S CALL.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



**COME, sweet ones, come to the fields with me,  
I hear the hum of the honey bee,  
I hear the call of the gray cuckoo,  
I hear the note of the shrill curlew ;  
I hear the cry of the hunting hawk,  
The sound of the dove in our 'custom'd walk,  
The song of the lark, the tongue of the rill,  
The shepherds' shout on the pasture hill.**



My sweet ones, all come forth and play,  
The air is balm, and I smell new hay ;  
Come, breathe of the flowers, and see how neat  
The milkmaid trips on her scented feet ;  
Young folks come forth all joy, and run  
Abroad as bright as beams of the sun ;  
Old men step out with a sadder grace,  
And matrons come with a graver pace.

The smoke streams up, and the air is rife  
With joy, and all is light and life ;  
From east to west there's not a stain  
In all the sky, and the birds are fain,  
And the beasts are glad, while man in song  
Breaks out, for rain has lorded long,  
And earth has drunk more than her need  
To fill her flowers and nurse her seed.

Now, now ye come, my little ones all,  
As the young doves come at their mothers' call ;  
One run to yon tall foxglove, and see  
At his breakfast of balm the golden bee ;  
Another go hunt from bud to bloom  
The worm that flies with a painted plume,  
Or see the doe solicitous lead  
Her twin fawns forth to the odorous mead,  
Or mark the nestlings newly flown,  
With their tender wings and their crests of down.

But stay, my children. Ere ye run,  
Who made the sky and yon glorious sun?  
Who framed the earth, and strewed it sweet  
With flowers, and set it 'neath mankind's feet?  
'Twas ONE in heaven. Kneel down, and lay  
Your white foreheads to the grass, and pray;  
And render HIM praise, and seek to be  
Pure, good, and modest—then come with me.



## THE MINNOW FISHER.

BY MRS. JAMES DOUGLAS.



ON the coast of Kent, not many miles from Dover, is a small village, the inhabitants of which are chiefly fishermen; two or three of whom having expended their hard-earned savings in adding a few slight rooms to their humble habitations, are thereby enabled during the summer months to receive such lodgers as ill health, slender finances, or the desire of solitude may attract to that shore.

In one of these cottages last summer resided a lady, who from her appearance seemed to have sought this quiet abode in the hope of renovating a frame which sickness and sorrow had shattered. She had with her only one female servant, and

rather shunned than courted the notice of the few visitants of Sandgate. Her time was chiefly spent in wandering on the smooth sandy shore, which at low water formed a charming walk, and where she would sometimes enter into conversation with the children sporting there, seeking shells, weeds, and pebbles; teaching them the most likely method of finding the coveted treasures, and how to display the tender fibres of the most beautiful of the weeds. Her arrival on the sands was generally a welcome event to one or other of these happy little groups, who had always some question to ask, or some newly discovered prize to show to "the sad lady," as she was there called.

One day, when taking her usual course towards the strand, she observed a troop of her little friends actively employed in collecting a number of large smooth stones, with which two of the taller boys, their trowsers tucked above the knee so as to enable them to wade a considerable way into the receding tide, were forming a semi-circular wall by laying them as closely as possible together.

So deeply was the attention of the whole party absorbed, that her approach was unnoticed until her voice was heard demanding an explanation of the work she saw them engaged upon.

"We want to catch some shrimps," said one of the little girls, who, with an immense stone in

her arms, was staggering under its weight down the shelving shingles; "we have thought of a capital plan of building a wall out there where the boys are, which will prevent the shrimps from getting away with the tide, and we shall have them left quite dry upon the sand, to examine at our leisure."

"Do you not know that they will die as soon as they are deprived of their native element?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but they are only shrimps, and we want to see how they look before they are boiled."

"I think you will feel very sorry for what you have done," observed the sad lady, "when you see the poor things in the agonies of death, and reflect that their sufferings were caused for your amusement. Come, let us all sit down on this rock, and I will tell you a story of a merciful little boy who was once as thoughtless as you are; and I am sure, when you have heard it, you will not return to your present pursuit."

The promise of a story was even more delightful than shrimp-catching; and the children were all soon collected round the rock, on which the lady, sitting down, began as follows:—

"Many years ago, before some of you were born, there lived in London a kind-hearted little boy with his sister, who loved him dearly. One day this boy, whose name was Felix, came in

great joy to his sister, saying, ‘ Do, pray, come down stairs, and see the fish I caught yesterday. I brought them home in a bottle, and Deborah has given me a washing-tub to keep them in. I have filled it with water, and they are swimming about quite delighted.’

“ His sister accompanied him down stairs, where she found the cook had actually provided a large tub of water, in which about a dozen minnows were uneasily struggling, vainly trying to penetrate through the wooden boundary by which they were confined.

“ ‘ Poor little things,’ said sister Lucy; ‘ where did you bring them from, Felix?’

“ ‘ From that pretty little pond you admired so much the day we walked to Hampstead,’ replied Felix; ‘ but,’ added he, ‘ I think they must be much happier here, for the water in that pond is not nearly so clean as this; and I intend to feed them every day. But I wonder if they can see; how they keep pushing their heads against the edge of the tub!’

“ ‘ No doubt,’ sighed Lucy, ‘ they are seeking the friends and relations you left in the pond. Would you be satisfied to leave your home, even for a better?’

“ ‘ No, certainly, dear sister; but fishes have not minds, and if they get food enough, how can they care about or remember the old pond?’

“ ‘ You are, perhaps, not aware,’ returned Lucy, ‘ what kind of food may be most agreeable to them; I believe, in the thick water of the pond they would find what was far more suitable than any thing you can offer them. I cannot venture to say whether hunger alone is now making them so uneasy, but you must allow they do not appear vastly to enjoy this new abode.’ ”

“ ‘ I fear they do not, indeed,’ said Felix, looking very sorrowful; ‘ I wish I had not meddled with them.’ ”

“ Lucy said no more then, for she saw Felix was grieved for what he had done; and the next morning, before she was quite ready to go down stairs to breakfast, Felix came to her door, begging for admittance.

“ ‘ Good morning, Felix; how bright and happy you look,’ said Lucy.

“ ‘ I have been to take my poor minnows home,’ replied Felix; ‘ I was out long before you were awake. I had a great deal of pleasure in fishing for them to be sure, but not half so much as I feel now in having restored them to their own little pond, and in seeing that my dear sister approves of what I have done.’ ”

“ Lucy kissed the happy boy, and promised if it were a fine evening, she would walk with him to the pretty pond near Hampstead. She said she should always remember and love that spot in memory of Felix’s humanity.”

“Poor, poor Felix,” sighed the sad lady, “that one trait of thy early years was but the sample of all that followed in thy short life; and thy bereaved sister has at least the consolation of knowing that never during that life was thy tender heart sullied by a less kind thought or action!”

“But what became of the good Felix? how I should have liked to know him! And was he rewarded?” asked the little group who had surrounded the “sad lady;” and now, looking into her eyes, they saw them filled with tears.

“He was rewarded, my children,” said the lady; “he was removed to the bosom of the Almighty, who alone could reward his short life of spotless innocence, and who will also heap blessings and rewards on you all who obey his command, ‘to be merciful to all his creatures.’”

When the “sad lady” arose from the rock on which she had been sitting, she saw the children as eagerly employed in destroying as they had before been in building their wall. She returned slowly and dejectedly home, and was seen no more that day.





THE TRAGICAL  
HISTORY OF MAJOR BROWN.



If any man in any age,  
In any town or city,  
Was ever valiant, courteous, sage,  
Experienced, wise, or witty;

That man was Major Brown by name,  
The fact you cannot doubt;  
For he himself would say the same  
Ten times a day about.

The Major in the foreign wars  
Indifferently had fared,  
For he was cover'd o'er with scars,  
Though he was never scared.

But war had now retired to rest,  
And piping peace return'd,  
Yet still within his ardent breast  
The Major's spirit burn'd.

When suddenly he heard of one  
Who in an air balloon  
Had gone—I can't tell where he'd gone—  
Almost into the moon.

“Let me—let me,” the Major cries,  
“Let me, like him, ascend;  
And if it fall that I should rise,  
Who knows where it may end?”

Now many yards of silk were brought,  
And many iron nails,  
And many drugs of many a sort,  
And placed in many pails.

And now the whole appears complete;  
With wonder most profound  
Admiring crowds together meet  
From every village round.

While some the chequer'd bag admire,  
And some prefer the car,  
Behold with head some inches higher,  
In steps the man of war.

The cords are cut—a mighty shout!—  
The globe ascends on high;  
And, like a ball from gun shot out,  
The Major mounts the sky,——

Or would have done, but cruel chance  
Forbade it so to be,  
And bade the Major not advance,—  
Caught in a chestnut tree.

But soon the awkward branch gives way,  
He smooths his angry brow;  
Shoots upward, rescued from delay,  
And makes the branch a bow.

Till mounting furlongs now some dozens,  
And peeping down, he pants  
To see his mother, sisters, cousins,  
And uncles look like ants.

That Brown look'd blue I will not say  
(His uniform was red),  
But he thought that if his car gave way,  
He should probably be dead.

He gave his manly breast a slap,  
And loudly shouted, 'Courage,'  
And waved above his head the cap  
In which he used to forage.

And up he went, and look'd around  
To see what there might be,  
And felt convinced that on the ground  
Were better things to see.

A strange bird came his path across,  
Whose name he did not know;  
Quoth he, "'Tis like an albatross,"  
It proved to be a crow.

"I wish that you would please to drop,"  
Quoth Brown to his balloon;  
He might as well have spoken to  
The man that's in the moon.

He saw no more the pigmy crowd  
That dwelt upon earth's ball;  
For why? he'd got into a cloud,  
And could not see at all.

Though nearer to the sun ('twas queer)  
He found it wondrous cold;  
And the Major now began to fear  
That he had been too bold.

Though he had taken pains to learn  
To mount the skiey plain,  
Alas ! he'd taken no concern  
How to come down again.

And now the heavens begin to lour,  
And thunders loud do roll;  
And winds and rains do blow and pour,  
That would daunt a general's soul.

Such a hurricane to Major Brown  
Must most unpleasant be;  
And he said, " If I can not get down,  
'Twill be all up with me !"

From his pocket then a knife he took,  
In Birmingham 'twas made;  
The handle was of handsome look,  
Of temper'd steel the blade.

Says he, " the acquaintance of a balloon  
I certainly shall cut ;"  
So in the silken bag full soon  
His penknife blade he put.

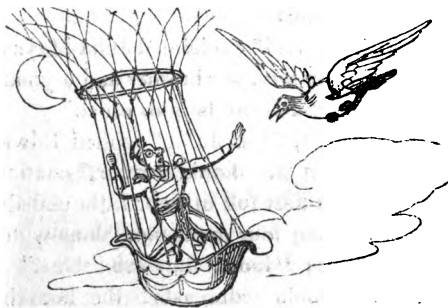
Out rush'd the gas imprison'd there,  
The balloon began to sink ;  
" I shall surely soon get out of the air,"  
Said Major Brown, " I think."

Alas! how shall I write it down,  
What now I have to tell;  
Misfortune fell to Major Brown,  
Who to misfortune fell.

Alas for Brown, balloon, and ear,  
The gas went out too fast;  
The car went upside down, and far  
Poor Major Brown was cast.

Long time head over heels he tum-  
bled, till unto the ground,  
As I suppose, he must have come,  
But he was never found.

The car was found in London town,  
The bag to Oxford flew;  
But what became of Major Brown  
No mortal ever knew.



## PRETTY BOBBY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.



**“WHAT have you got in your hat, Edward?”** said Arthur Maynard to his cousin Edward Stanhope, as they met one day in the village where they both resided; **“what can you have there? a bird’s nest?”**

**“Oh, I hope not!”** exclaimed Julia Maynard, who was walking with her brother and a younger sister, **“taking birds’ nests is so cruel.”**

**“Cruel or not, Miss Julia,”** replied Edward, **“a bird’s nest it is. Look, Arthur,”** continued he, displaying a nest full of poor little unfledged creatures, opening four great mouths as wide as they could gape; **“look! they are robins.”**

**“Robins! robin redbreasts! the household**

bird! the friend of man!" cried Arthur; "take a robin's nest! oh, fie! fie!"

"The robin redbreast!" said little Sophy Maynard, "that when the poor Children in the Wood were starved to death, covered them over with leaves. Did you never hear old nurse Andrews repeat the old ballad? I can almost say it myself:—

"No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives,  
Till Robin Redbreast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves,"—

shouted Sophy: "you that pretend to be so fond of poetry, to take a robin's nest!"

"Poetry!" rejoined Edward contemptuously, "a penny ballad! an old woman's song! call that poetry?"

"I like to hear it though," persisted little Sophy; "I had rather hear nurse Andrews repeat the Children in the Wood than any thing; call it what names you like!"

"And it was but the other day," said Julia, "that papa made me learn some verses just to the same effect out of Mr. Lamb's Specimens. Did you ever hear them?

Call to the robin redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with flowers and leaves do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.



Now I am quite sure that those lines are poetry ; and, at all events, every body holds the robin sacred for his social qualities, he is so tame ; so confiding, so familiar ; no one would ever think of taking his nest, even if birds-nesting were not the cruellest thing in the world," continued Julia, returning to her first exclamation, " Every body cherishes the robin."

" So do I," replied her incorrigible cousin ; " I am so fond of the robin and his note that I mean to bring up all four of these young ones, and tame them, and make friends of them."

" Put back the nest, and I will teach you a better way," said Arthur ; " for we mean to tame some robins ourselves this summer."

" Put back the nest indeed !" rejoined Edward ; " I must make haste home, and get the butler to give me a cage, and Fanny to help me feed them. Put back the nest indeed !" and off ran the naughty taker of birds' nests, vainly pursued by little Sophy's chidings, by Julia's persuasions, by Arthur's remonstrances, and by the united predictions of all three that he would never rear the unfortunate younglings.

Very true were these predictions. One by one, in spite of all the care of Edward and his sister Fanny, who crammed them twenty times a day with all sorts of food, proper or improper, bread, meat, eggs, herbs, and insects, with every mess

in short that they had ever heard recommended for any bird ;—one by one the poor little shivering creatures, shivering although wrapped in lambs-wool and swansdown, pined, and dwindled, and died ; and Fanny, a kind-hearted little girl, fretted and cried ; and Edward, not less vexed, but too proud to cry, grumbled at his ill luck, and declared that he would never trouble himself with birds again as long as he lived. “ I wonder how Arthur has succeeded with his ! ” thought he to himself ; “ I think he and the girls talked of getting some—but, of course, they all died. I am sure no people could take more pains than Fanny and I. I’ll never trouble myself with birds again.”

About a month after this soliloquy, the young Stanhopes received an invitation to dine with their cousins, for it was Sophy’s birthday, and the children had a half holiday ; and after dinner they were allowed to eat their cherries and strawberries in their own verandah, a place they were all very fond of. And a very pretty place this verandah was.

Fancy a deep shady trellis running along one end of the house, covered with vines, passion flowers, clematis, and jessamine, looking over gay flower beds, the children’s own flower beds, to an arbour of honeysuckle, laburnum, and china roses, which Arthur had made for Julia ; clusters

of greenhouse plants, their own pet geraniums arranged round the pillars of the verandah; and the verandah itself, furnished with their own tables and chairs; and littered with their toys and their small garden tools: as pretty an out-of-door playroom as heart could desire.

It was a fine sunny afternoon towards the end of June, and the young folks enjoyed the fruit and the flowers, and the sweet scent of the bean blossoms and the new-mown hay in the neighbouring fields, and were as happy as happy could be. At last, after the girls had pointed out their richest geraniums and largest heartsease, and they had been properly praised and admired, Arthur said, "I think it is time to show Edward our robins." And at the word, little Sophy began strewing bread crumbs at one end of the verandah as fast as her hands could go.

"Bobby! Bobby! pretty Bobby!" cried Sophy; and immediately the prettiest robin that ever was seen came flying out of the arbour towards her; not in a direct line, but zigzag as it were, stopping first at a rose tree, then swinging on the top of a lily, then perching on the branch of a campanula that bent under him;—still coming nearer and nearer, and listening, and turning up his pretty head, as Sophy continued to cry, "Bobby! Bobby!" and sometimes bowing his body, and jerking his tail in token of pleased

acknowledgment, until at last he alighted on the ground, and began picking up the bread crumbs with which it was strewed. Whilst presently two or three young robins with their speckled breasts (for the red feathers do not appear until they are three or four months old) came fluttering about the verandah, flying in and out quite close to the children, hopping round them, and feeding at their very feet; not shy at all, not even cautious like the old birds who had seen more of the world, and looked at the strangers with their bright piercing eyes rather mistrustfully, as if they knew that there were such things as little boys who take birds' nests, and little girls who keep birds in cages.

"Bobby! pretty Bobby!" continued Sophy, quite enchanted at the good conduct of her pets, and calling upon her cousins for their tribute of admiration. Fanny willingly expressed her delight; and Edward, looking somewhat foolish, wondered how they became so tame.

"We used to throw down the crumbs from breakfast and dinner in this place all the winter," said Julia; "the poor birds are so glad of them in the hard weather! And one particular robin used to come for them every day, and grew quite familiar; he would even wait here for us, and fly to meet us as soon as that quick eye of his spied a white frock turning the corner. So

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then we began to talk to him, and to feed him regularly."

"I always saved a great bit of my bread for Bobby," interrupted Sophy.

"And he grew as tame as you see; and when he had young ones, he brought them here with him," resumed her sister.

"You should have seen them the first day," said Sophy; "that was the prettiest sight. The little things did not know how to help themselves, so there they stood about, some on the geraniums and some on the rose trees, chirping, and opening their bills for the old birds to feed them; and the poor old birds flew about from one to the other with bread crumbs, not taking a morsel themselves. You cannot think how much the young ones ate! There was one great greedy fellow perched on my rake, who made his poor papa bring him seven mouthfuls before he was satisfied. And now they are so saucy! See how saucy they are!" continued the little girl as one of the boldest came close to her, and caught a crumb which she was flinging to him before it reached the ground, "see how saucy! Oh pretty, pretty Bobbies! I do love them so."

"We all like the poor confiding creatures who pay us the compliment of trusting so entirely in our kindness and good faith, I believe," said Arthur, half laughing at her eagerness; "and

after all, Edward," added he, as the two boys, bat in hand, marched off to cricket, "after all, you must confess that our method of taming robins is better than yours, and that one bird who comes to you at liberty, of his own free will, is worth a dozen kidnapped in the nest, luckless wretches, and mewed up in a cage."

Edward confessed that his cousin was right, and never took a bird's nest again.



## ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN.

BY MR. R. A. LYNCH.



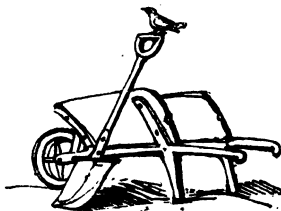
**LITTLE Robin, pray draw near,  
'Tis your Phœbe that is here;  
Pretty bird, then come to me,  
Come and sing sweet tweedle-dee.**

**Now the frosty wind doth blow,  
Now the earth is white with snow;  
For my Robin all around  
Crumbs I'll scatter on the ground.**

See how quickly he doth hop,  
Glad to fill his little crop;  
But should I approach too near,  
Then he'd fly away for fear.

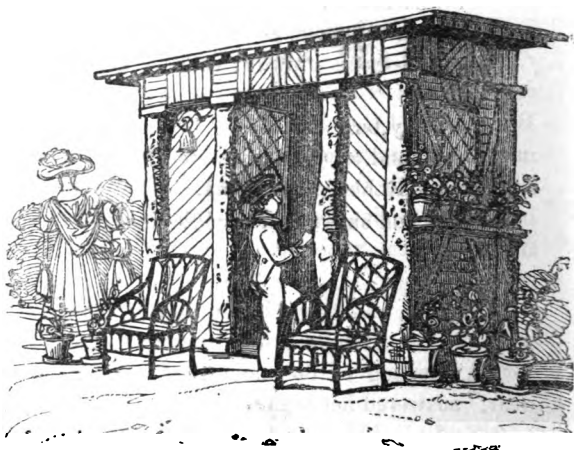
Foolish Robin, why afraid  
Of a harmless little maid?  
Here no trap or cage is found,  
Here no cat is prowling round.

Then my bird with scarlet breast,  
Come, and on my window rest;  
Pretty Robin, come to me,  
Come and sing sweet tweedle-dee.





A  
**VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**  
BY MRS. MARKHAM.



**MR. LEWIS**, a gentleman of some fortune and station in Devonshire, had occasion in the early part of the present year to visit London; and as he never failed to afford his family every opportunity of instruction or rational pleasure, he determined to bring Mrs. Lewis and their children to town with him. The children, whom I now beg to introduce to my young readers, were

Charles, a lively clever boy of thirteen, and his two sisters, Mary and Emily; the former older, the latter younger than Charles.

You may imagine how delighted the young people were at the prospect of their visit; how they enjoyed their journey; and with what pleasure they went to see the many curious and instructive sights which London abounds in.

They had been in town about three weeks, when they were visited one morning by Mr. Barry, an old friend of theirs. Mr. Lewis was naturally very glad to see him, and wished Mr. Barry to stay and dine; but he excused himself by saying he had to attend a meeting of the Zoological Society, and he soon after took his leave.

When he was gone, Emily said, "What society did Mr. Barry say he was going to, papa?"

"A meeting of the Zoological Society, my dear," answered her father.

"*Zoological?*" said Emily; "that is something relating to birds, and beasts, and fishes, is it not?"

"Ask your brother," said her father; "I dare say he will be able to give you a more accurate definition."

"*Zoology,*" said Charles, with something of an air at being thus referred to, "is the science which relates to whatever has life, and has its name from two Greek words, which signify so much. But I wonder what you are laughing

at," he continued, observing that both his sisters were endeavouring in vain to suppress their mirth, and even his father and mother were smiling.

"Oh, Charles," said Mary Lewis, as soon as she could command herself sufficiently to speak, "I beg your pardon; but, indeed, you did look so very wise while you were explaining the meaning of the word, that I could not help it."

Charles seemed rather disconcerted, and was half inclined to be angry, but his mother pleasantly said:—

"Well, well, never mind, Charles; your definition was a very correct one, and it was certainly ungracious in your sisters to laugh when you were giving it; but remember that the value of instruction is always heightened when it is imparted in a modest and unassuming manner, the want of which renders a person, however well informed, liable to the suspicion of being a mere pretender to knowledge."

"I am considering," said Mr. Lewis, "that, as we have no particular engagement to-morrow, I will ask Mr. Barry, if he is at leisure, to take us to see the Society's Gardens; and I do not anticipate objections on the part of any of the good people around me."

"Oh, no, no, indeed, it will be delightful," said the children all at once, except Mary, who stayed to ask what they were going to see before she joined in the acclamations.

"Very prudent, Mary," said her father, smiling,

“these hair-brains are all rejoicing before they know for what. The Gardens of the Zoological Society are laid out for the purpose of keeping living specimens of the different species of animals; and though the Society is only in its infancy, having been instituted but two or three years since, the collection is already respectable, and the more worthy of a visit, from the ornamental and judicious arrangements which have been made.”

“But can the creatures get at us, papa?” inquired Emily, who seemed rather averse to too close an acquaintance with the inhabitants of the gardens.

“You need be under no apprehension, my dear Emily; I will answer for your safety, and that neither the bears nor the lamas shall be able to pass the most respectful limits.”

“Lamas!” exclaimed Charles, “are there lamas? I wish to see a lama above all things, and have done so ever since I read the New Robinson Crusoe.”

“You are likely then to be highly gratified,” answered his father, “for I understand there are two or three lamas at present in the Society’s Gardens—but you hear dinner is on the table; so let us postpone the subject, and in the mean time see if we cannot make as good a meal as your friend Robinson did on lama flesh.”

After dinner Mr. Lewis wrote to Mr. Barry,

who willingly assented to his friend's request; and the next morning witnessed an expedition of discovery to the Regent's Park, where the Society's Gardens are situated.

Having entered the grounds, Mr. Barry stopped to write the names of his party in a book kept for the purpose in a neat little lodge built entirely of straight pieces of wood with the bark on, and looking very pretty, and quite rural; as you will perceive from the little sketch of it at page 150, where Charles is standing at the door, waiting for his father and Mr. Barry, and Emily and her mamma are seen walking on into the gardens.

When Mr. Barry had written all their names, they commenced the tour of the gardens under his guidance. Charles could hardly be kept in order, so impatient was he to see the lamas; but Mary and Emily were more desirous of seeing the bears; and as the habitation of these creatures was more directly in their way, the first visit was paid to them.

"This is the bear house," said Mr. Barry, after they had walked a short distance. Charles and Mary sprang forward, but Emily, who was not so tall, could see nothing but a low wall which looked very little like a habitation for either bears or any thing else, until she observed her brother and sister were peeping over it. Her father raised her in his arms; and, looking down, she saw that she was really on the brink of what

was like a great square open well, about six yards wide, and more in depth, walled with brick. In one corner was a doorway, not very high, but of sufficient dimensions for a bear to walk in and out at.

“What is that great pole for in the middle of the well, with pieces of wood like steps fastened all the way up its sides?” asked Charles, holding out his hand towards such a pole as he had described, which was fixed in the centre of the well floor, and rose considerably above the height of the wall. “Can you tell us, sir?” he added, looking at Mr. Barry.

“That,” replied Mr. Barry, “is for the bears to climb up, which they frequently do.”

“But I don’t see any bears,” said Charles. “Nor I, nor I,” said both his sisters together.

“We will see,” said Mr. Barry, “what we can do towards finding one or two.” So saying, he threw down into the bears’ habitation a piece of biscuit.

“Oh, there he is!” exclaimed all the children as they saw the black head of a bear protruding itself from under the doorway in the side of the well; “what a sleek handsome bear he is! I dare say he is quite a gentleman among his own tribe.”

“But here comes another,” cried Emily, “who is nothing of the kind, but as rough and brown looking a creature as can be. Ah! you have

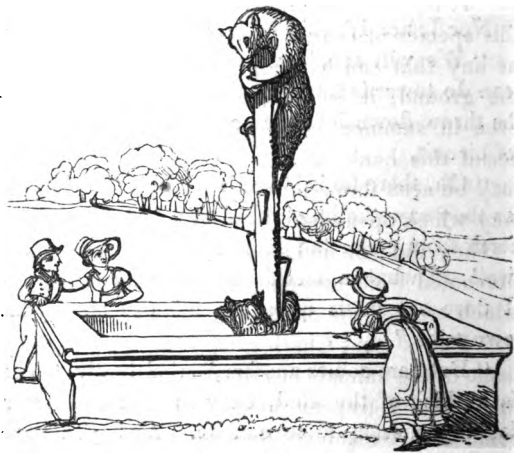
come too late; your friend has been beforehand with you, and eaten up all the biscuit."

The bear seemed as if he understood her, for he sat upright, and looked at her.

"Poor fellow!" said Emily, "he is begging; and Mr. Barry giving her a piece of biscuit, she threw it down, and it was devoured in a moment.

"I wish," said Charles, "one of them would go up the pole; I should like, of all things, to see his awkward mode of climbing."

"We can, perhaps, accomplish that also," said Mr. Barry; and, showing some biscuit to the bears, he placed it on a thin long piece of wood, by means of which he deposited it on the round ball at the top of the pole.



“Look, look,” said Charles, “the gentlemanly bear is going up;” and they all began to laugh as the brute put first one paw, and then another, on the projecting steps, till he had pulled himself up to the top, where, having eaten the biscuit, he amused himself with twisting about the ball, and then began to descend.

“Oh, you are a careful fellow,” said Charles, as the bear felt cautiously with his hind feet for the steps, to make sure his footing as he came down, “there, now you are safe on the ground.”

“The bears seem quite content in their habitation,” remarked Mrs. Lewis; “it is of the same construction, I think, as those in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.”

“It is,” said Mr. Lewis, “nearly so; and, for this species of bear, appears to be as convenient as any that can be suggested. Being sunk in the ground, it is not too hot for the animals, even in summer. We will, if you please, descend this bank, at the foot of which the bear may be seen through the other end of the arched way which opens into the well.”

They did so, and saw the bears, who were prevented from escaping by a grated iron door which crossed the passage.

“I see,” said Charles, who had observed the name of the animals inscribed on the wall, “that these are European bears. The white bears come from Greenland, do they not?”

“They inhabit countries about the Pole,” re-



plied Mr. Barry, "and are much larger and fiercer than either the American bear or the common brown bear, which inhabits various countries both in Europe and the East. Our friend the European is larger than the American bear, though the latter exhibits a greater length in the head and ears."

"Do not the Americans kill the bears, sir?" inquired Charles.

"The American Indians," replied Mr. Barry, "employ themselves at the latter end of the year in hunting the bears, who are at that time fat and slothful. When hunted, the bear takes refuge in the cavity of a hollow tree, getting in at the top."

"Just such a tree, I suppose," said Charles, "as we saw in Kensington Gardens the other day, papa."

"Very likely," said Mr. Barry. "When the hunter perceives that the bear has entered his retreat, he mounts another tree; and, being seated on a branch, he throws a lighted piece of wood into the hollow tree where the bear is. The animal, as you may imagine, gets out of his hole as speedily as he can; but, just as he pops his head out, the hunter shoots him dead. These bear hunts are a very important business with the Indians, and are undertaken with a vast deal of ceremony. And now, suppose we pass on to the lamas, which you, Charles, are so desirous of making acquaintance with."

"The lama, and the pacoa, which is a species

of lama, were found in an enclosure surrounded with tall iron rails painted green, and adjoining to their house, of which here is a sketch.



Charles was quite delighted to see them; and his lively imagination transported him at once to Robinson Crusoe's island. "I could also fancy," said he, "that this was Robinson's house."

"And you Robinson, I suppose," said his father; "but I am afraid you would scarcely be able to build such a house as this. Here is one of your friends coming to salute you."

"Oh," said Emily, "he will jump over!" and she ran behind her father, as the pacoa made a great spring, as if he wished to get over the rails, but they were too high for him.

“Is not the lama something like a camel?” asked Mary.

“Yes,” said her father, “there is a general resemblance; but one peculiar feature is wanting, the hunch which the camel has on his back, and which you do not perceive in the lama.”

“Besides,” said Mr. Barry, “the lama has a protuberance on the breast, which the camel has not. There is, however, a considerable similarity in the habits and dispositions of the two animals; and in those parts of South America where the lama is found, it is employed in carrying of burdens, as the camel is in Arabia and other countries. It is a species of camel, as its Linnæan name, ‘*camelus glama*,’ signifies.”

“Its Linnæan name!” repeated Charles, “would you be good enough, sir, to tell me what that means?”

“This name was given to the animal by Linnæus, or Linne, a learned Swede, who distinguished himself by the zeal and success with which he pursued the study of natural history, and arranged the different productions of nature on a more scientific and rational scheme than had previously been done.”

“Was he a zoologist then?” said Charles.

“He was; but zoology formed only one department of his labours. He was a mineralogist and a physician; but, perhaps, his character as a botanist is that in which he is regarded as having accomplished the most.”

“And have all the learned men who study these sciences agreed to call things by the names which Linnæus has given them?”

“Not universally so,” answered Mr. Barry, “but his system is the one most generally adopted; and is indeed familiar to all men of similar pursuits. Among the French, their countryman Buffon is perhaps more in repute, but in most other countries the Linnæan system is the prevailing one.”

“I should like to know something about this system,” said Charles; “it must be both a curious and instructive study.”

“You will find it highly so,” replied Mr. Barry. “With regard to zoology, which we are just now chiefly interested in, all the animals known are distributed by Linnæus into six distinct classes, according to certain peculiarities in the structure of their bodies, in which different creatures are found to agree.”

“What are those classes?” inquired Charles.

“They are,” answered his friend, “as I am about to enumerate them. Animals, which suckle their young, and have warm blood, called mammiferous animals, form the first class; and hence the same class includes not only men, monkeys, bears, rats, but what you would think of a less kindred nature, whales and dolphins.”

“Whales and dolphins!” exclaimed Charles;

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“are whales and dolphins of the same class as men?”

“Yes, for they suckle their young, and have warm blood. The second class comprises birds; the third, amphibious animals; those, namely, which inhabit indifferently the land and the water, such as tortoises, frogs, and toads. Fishes form the fourth class, insects the fifth, and worms the sixth and last class.

“The fifth class, *insects*, includes crabs, lobsters, and shrimps; but the oyster, the cockle, and the muscle rank among the worms. All these classes are divided into smaller ones called orders, and these are again subdivided, and so on until we arrive at the varieties of individual animals. But here are some new acquaintances to introduce you to.”

The party now entered a low range of buildings, in which were cages filled with different wild animals. The panther was lying stretched at his ease on the floor of his cage. They admired his beauty, but took care not to come within the reach of his paws.

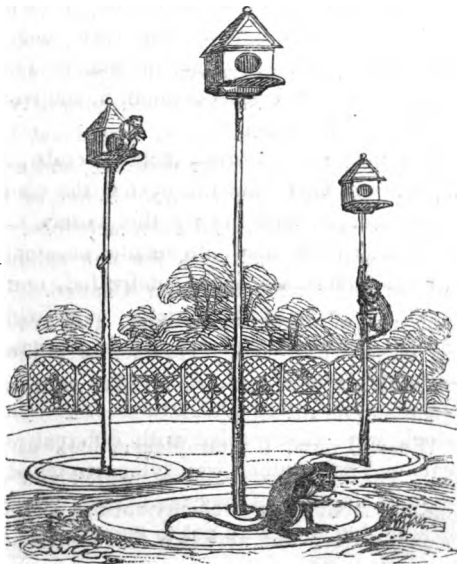
“Is this then the Linnæan name of the panther?” asked Charles; whose eye fell upon the words ‘*felis pardus*,’ affixed to the cage.

“Yes, it is; it belongs to the cat tribe, of which the lion and tiger are also members.”

Here Mr. Barry was interrupted by Emily

Lewis with "Do, pray, sir, show me the monkeys; I like monkeys so much."

"That I will readily do," said Mr. Barry; "see, here they are, and their houses."



"What a turbulent fellow the centre monkey is!" said Mrs. Lewis.

"He is, indeed, a most ill behaved and ill tempered monkey," replied Mr. Barry.

"I dislike to look at monkeys," remarked Mr. Lewis; "they appear such a mockery of our own species, both in countenance and actions."

“They certainly do possess a surprising faculty of imitation,” said Mr. Barry, “and the resemblance of their faces is not at all flattering to us; but baboons are more disgusting from the same cause, the approach to the human likeness being greater. The female oran outang, which was in the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, behaved with as much propriety as many of our own species do, would eat with a fork, wiped her lips after drinking, and made her own bed with great care. Some of this species are very mild, and even melancholy, in their disposition; such was the one exhibited about ten years ago at Exeter 'Change. This animal was of a retiring temper, and avoided being closely observed. He had been taught to eat with a spoon, and drank coffee with great satisfaction and decorum.—

“We will now, if you please, look at the birds. Those in that building, which you see behind the monkeys, are chiefly various kinds of owls and eagles; and here is a fine specimen of the horned owl.



“But,” he continued, “I will show you the way to the large aviary.” This was a low building, in which the birds were confined by nets extended over poles fixed upright in the ground.

“These, as you perceive,” said their conductor, “are land birds, and many of them are beautiful and valuable specimens of the different species to which they belong.”

The visitors surveyed and admired the rich plumage and elegant shape of the gold and silver pheasants; and they smiled at the conceited motions of the crested storks, as they paced to and fro, displaying their slender forms, and looking at the strangers as if to claim their admiration.

“These are elegant birds,” said Mr. Barry, “and ought to be admired for their gracefulness, were not every other sentiment lost in the ridicule excited by their affectation.”

“Your remark is quite just,” replied Mrs. Lewis; “and you, Mary and Emily, may hence learn how the value of any endowment is destroyed by endeavouring to make a display and attract admiration. We look, with interest and pleasure, on the modest pheasants, while we laugh at the finesse and inviting tricks of these smart storks.”

They paid great attention to the ostriches, those large unwieldy birds, whose feathers are in so much request with the gay and fashionable.



“This bird,” said Mr. Barry, “is chiefly remarkable for his strength, and the great power of his stomach in digesting substances apparently of the most insoluble nature,—iron, glass, and the like, he makes no scruple of swallowing.”

“What a strange appetite,” remarked Charles; “he must have a grinding-mill in his stomach.”

“You are nearer the truth than you perhaps imagine,” said Mr. Barry, “the gizzard of birds appears to answer the purposes of such a mill, and is capable of breaking to pieces the most obdurate substances. The experiments of the Abbé Spallanzani were attended with the most curious results in confirmation of this fact, but it is to be lamented that their nature was such that they cannot be reflected on with pleasure.”

“But,” said Mr. Lewis, “though the infliction of pain on either men or brutes is repugnant to the feelings, do you censure those who for the advancement of science, and certainly not from an inclination to hurt any living creature, have made experiments on animals which, if not dictated by such a motive, would justly be condemned as cruel?”

“No,” replied Mr. Barry; “but before making such experiments the operator should be fully satisfied that the object he has in view is really the advancement of useful knowledge, and not the mere gratification of idle curiosity. I will not, however, condemn the experiments of Spal-

lanzani, which have certainly added much interesting matter to our previous information on the subjects to which they relate."

"What were these experiments?" asked Charles.

"It will be sufficient," said Mr. Barry, "to mention one of them, as the results were similar in all. A ball of lead, in which twelve small sharp lancets of steel were fixed, projecting about a quarter of an inch from the surface of the ball, was inclosed in a case of paper, and forced down the throat into the stomach of a turkey. On the bird being killed about eight hours afterwards the ball was found, but the lancets had all been broken off by the powerful action of the gizzard."

"How dreadful!" said Mary, "I would rather remain ignorant than acquire knowledge in such a cruel manner."

"It does not appear," continued Mr. Barry, "from the account as delivered to us, that the bird exhibited any tokens of feeling much pain, or even inconvenience, from the substance thus taken into its stomach; the forcing down of the ball would probably be the most painful part of the operation."

"What a pretty fountain," said Emily, "looking at one which stood in the middle of a pool of water, in which different water birds were float-

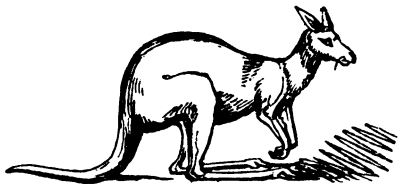
ing about, apparently pleased as the showers from the jet fell over them."

"Ah," said Charles, "there are black swans, —these are not so rare then as they used to be. And what singular ducks and geese. They seem very much at home here, much more so than the beasts shut up in their narrow cages."

"What a strange beak that bird has got," said Emily, looking at a rather large bird that was plashing in the water, with a bill of enormous breadth at the end.

"That is the spoonbill," said Mr. Barry, "a name which, as you may conclude, is derived from the peculiar shape of the bill."

Having looked at the birds they proceeded to pay a visit to the kangaroos, whose unequally sized legs much diverted the young people, the hind legs being so much longer than the fore ones, as to give the animal a most strange appearance when in motion.



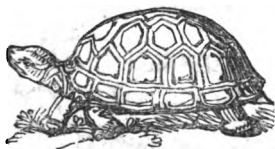
"The kangaroos have a comfortable dwelling," said Charles, "with all this fine space to

run about in. What harmless creatures they appear to be!"

"They can however," said Mr. Barry, "make their means of annoyance known if provoked; they not only scratch and bite severely, but can give a blow with their tails capable of breaking your leg."

"What are those two huge birds which are confined by themselves in an enclosure?" inquired Mary.

"Those are two individuals of the emeu species; they are natives of New Holland, and much resemble the cassowary in general appearance. Take care they do not give you a peck," said Mr. Barry to Charles, who was shaking his handkerchief at them, "they are strong birds, and would deal an unpleasant blow. And now let us go and look at the tortoise."



"Oh you slow brute!" exclaimed Charles, looking at the tortoise, "you deserve to be well beaten for your idleness, but your great shell would protect you."

"And yet," said his father, "slow as the tortoise is, you remember the story of his beating the hare in the race; his slow unremitted motions enabled him to pass by the hare, who despising his rival incautiously slept till the race was lost: a good lesson on the importance of perseverance."

"I thought," said Emily, "that tortoise shells had been very beautiful, streaked and spotted like snuff-boxes and combs, but these shells are quite ugly."

"Do not judge too hastily from appearances," said her mother, "these shells if polished would exhibit all the beauty you had imagined, but the art and invention of man would be half useless were every thing placed before us in all the beauty and perfection of which it is capable."

It was now proposed that the party should pay a visit to the dogs.

"Oh most willingly," said Charles, "I love dogs more than any other animal."

"And so do I," said Emily, "I would not part with my Fido for any thing."

"I do not wonder at your fondness for dogs," said Mr. Barry, "their docile fidelity has at all times made them the favourites of mankind. History has recorded innumerable instances of their good qualities."

"And I only remember," said Mr. Lewis, "one historical instance to the contrary. Frois-

sart tells us that when that unfortunate prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite greyhound, Math, deserted him, and with many fawnings made court to his rival, Bolingbroke, a circumstance which the king considered prophetic of his own deposition, and the elevation of Bolingbroke, then Duke of Lancaster, to the throne."

"What dog is this," said Charles, "who seems so fierce, and barks in such a deep tone?"

"That is the bloodhound; a dog greatly celebrated in former and more unsettled times, when it was used to track an enemy, which its acute faculty of smell enabled it to do with great success. They were used also in hunting, but have now become uncommon. And now let us look at the strangers here. These are dogs brought by Captain Parry from the northern regions, except the young one, which was born in England."

"What pretty things they are," said Charles, "with their bright eyes and sharp noses; this is a lively rascal, he does not remain still for a moment. What woolly hair these northern dogs have got."

"Yes," said Mr. Barry, "and you may remark in this circumstance an instance of the wonderful and beneficent design manifest in all the works of Providence. The dog in England

and other mild climates is covered with short bristly hair: to enable him to bear the cold of more northern countries you find his coat there more thick, close, and woolly. The sheep, which here has a covering of thick wool, has in torrid lands a clothing of hair, which is more suitable to the heat there. But these are trifling instances compared with many, which are familiar to those who make it their study to inquire into the productions and operations of nature."

"I should much like," said Charles, "to study so interesting a subject,—it must be delightful."

"There is no reason," said his father, "why you should not devote a portion of your time to it,—if pursued with proper motives, it cannot but be highly beneficial."

"What motives, papa?" inquired Charles.

"You should ever keep in mind," replied Mr. Lewis, "that the mere knowledge of the names and qualities of the creatures, whose nature you wish to investigate, is of little value, unless in making the inquirer more clearly to understand the great plan of the universe, and to love and worship with more heartfelt zeal the Author of a work so unbounded in its extent and so admirably executed in all its parts. Keep this in view, and I shall rejoice in your wish to acquire information on this or any other branch of natural history."

Charles, who had remained in thoughtful silence for a few minutes, was now addressed by Mr. Barry with the question, whether he had seen the pretty goat shed near the lama's house?

"Oh, yes," said Charles, "I saw it, but I was thinking so much about the lama at the time that I scarcely remember it, and I should be very glad to see it again."

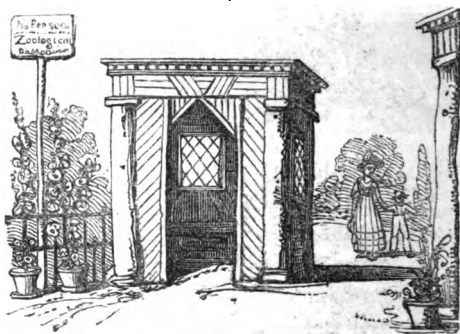
"You shall be soon gratified," said Mr. Barry; "give me your hand, Emily,—here it is, with its stony fragments so tastefully scattered around."



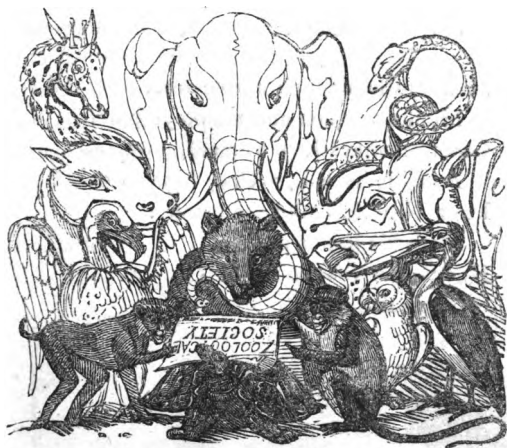
After walking about a little longer, and looking at other animals, which they had before passed hastily by, the party left the gardens, not a little pleased with their visit, especially Charles,



who was quite wrapped up in the new subject which had engaged his attention. And though he talked a great deal about it, he did not content himself with talking, but sought information in the works on Zoology, which his father selected for him, with a degree of industry which showed that he desired something more than that half knowledge, with which I am afraid many young people satisfy their curiosity.



THE  
PROGRESS OF ZOOLOGY.



WHAT a fashionable place  
 Soon the Regent's Park will grow !  
 Not alone the human race  
 To survey its beauties go ;  
 Birds and beasts of every hue,  
 In order and sobriety,  
 Come, invited by the Zo-  
 ological Society.

Notes of invitation go  
 To the west and to the east,  
 Begging of the Hippopo-  
 tamus<sup>1</sup> here to come and feast :

Sheep and panthers here we view,  
 Monstrous contrariety !  
 All united by the Zo-  
 ological Society.

Monkeys leave their native seat,  
 Monkeys green and monkeys blue,  
 Other monkeys here to meet,  
 And kindly ask, " Pray how dy'e do ?"  
 From New Holland the emeu<sup>2</sup>,  
 With his better moiety,  
 Has paid a visit to the Zo-  
 ological Society.

Here we see the lazy tor-  
 toise creeping with his shell,  
 And the drowsy, drowsy dor-  
 mouse<sup>3</sup> dreaming in his cell ;  
 Here from all parts of the U-  
 niverse we meet variety,  
 Lodged and boarded by the Zo-  
 ological Society.

Bears at pleasure lounge and roll,  
 Leading lives devoid of pain,  
 Half day climbing up a pole,  
 Half day climbing down again ;  
 Their minds tormented by no su-  
 perfluous anxiety,  
 While on good terms with the Zo-  
 ological Society.

Would a mammoth<sup>4</sup> could be found,  
And made across the sea to swim,  
But now, alas! upon the ground  
The bones alone are left of him :  
I fear a hungry mammoth too,  
(So monstrous and unquiet he),  
By hunger urged might eat the Zo-  
ological Society !



## NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> The hippopotamus, or river horse, is an amphibious beast, of the most horrible ugliness, so much so that I am afraid to ask Mr. Brooke to give an engraving of him.

<sup>2</sup> Some notice of the emeu will be found in the preceding article.

<sup>3</sup> The dormouse is a gentleman who chooses to sleep all the winter, which I hope my readers do not, though

N

it may be as well to sleep as to get up and do nothing. Our friend, dormouse, *does* work when he *is* up, and gathers into his nest a fine magazine of nuts and acorns.

<sup>4</sup> I cannot describe a mammoth, for I never either saw one nor met any body who did; indeed all that is known of the existence of the animal to which this name has been given, is derived from some enormous bones having been found in America, supposed to have belonged to a huge creature which lived before the deluge. Judging from the size of these bones an elephant must have been a dwarf compared to this monster.



## I'LL BE A SOLDIER.

BY MAJOR N. LUDLOW BEAMISH.



“AND what will you be, Augustus?” said Mr. Fairfield to his youngest son, a fine boy of ten years of age, who, with his brother, had that day returned home for the Christmas holidays, and was busily engaged in the destruction of a large lump of plum cake, assisted by a cup of weak tea, “What will you be, my boy? Henry has decided upon being a gentleman.”

“Oh! I’ll be a soldier, papa,” replied the cadet, “for I’m sure they look much nicer than gentlemen.”

Mr. Fairfield laughed at the distinction; but, always taking opportunity to develop the intellect and direct the judgment of his children, he turned to the elder boy, and said, "Henry, what do you say to this?"

Henry was a reserved and rather an aristocratic little fellow; and, although only two years older than Augustus, had all the gravity of a judge in his conduct and countenance. "Augustus is always for nice looks," said the young philosopher, raising his head from a dissected map of England, which he was trying to put together, "that's just the reason he chose that silly book about Jack the Giant Killer, when you gave us our choice what books to have for a present; it was the pictures and binding that he liked it for, I'm certain."

*Augustus.* Now, Henry, you are quite mistaken; for I chose Jack the Giant Killer because it was the story of a brave little fellow, which the boys at school told me long before I saw it. And what could be a prettier story than how he killed the great giant Cormoran with a blow of his pickaxe, and how he was rewarded for it by King Arthur with a sword and fine belt, that had inscribed on it—

This is the valiant Cornish man  
Who slew the giant Cormoran.

"If I'm ever half so brave, or you either, Henry, you will be very lucky."

*Henry.* Well, Augustus, I am glad you like it; for my part, I think soldiers are very silly, going about fighting each other for money and fine clothes.

*Augustus.* Oh! that's not true, I'm certain; now is it, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* It is not indeed, Augustus, a fair way of describing the profession of a soldier, who I should hope has generally better motives for fighting than those which have been attributed to him by Henry; but soldiers are certainly both paid and clothed by the king for the protection which they afford to his kingdom in repelling the attacks of foreign enemies abroad, and preserving the peace of his subjects at home. We must recollect, however, that they risk their lives for our preservation; and it is, therefore, fair to presume that a love of their country, and a wish to acquire fame and honour by performing brave deeds for her protection, influence their conduct more than the pay which they receive, and the uniforms with which they are clothed.

*Augustus.* And does the king give those beautiful coats, and swords, and feathers, and horses to the officers for nothing, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* No, my dear, the officers are on a different footing from the private soldiers; they receive payment certainly, but are obliged to buy their own clothes, arms, and horses.

*Augustus.* Bless me! they must be very rich. Have all officers *horses*, papa?



*Mr. Fairfield.* Not all; cavalry officers, and field officers\* of infantry, are obliged to have horses, because they always go into battle on horseback, but the captains and subalterns of infantry† walk by the side of the men whom they command, and fight on foot.

*Augustus.* Oh! I should like to be a cavalry officer. Have the horses of cavalry nice long tails like the picture of King Charles's horse in your study, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* The king's body guards, called life guards and horse guards, are mounted upon black long-tailed horses, but the rest of the cavalry are different.

*Augustus.* Oh, pray go on, papa, and tell me about the others; have they short-tailed horses like our 'Spanker'?

*Henry.* How can you ask papa such silly questions, Augustus? as if it signified what sort of tails the horses had.

*Augustus.* Now never mind, Henry; I know papa will go on, won't you, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield,* though not anxious to encourage the propensity which his son evinced for a military life, from which, after ten years' service as a subaltern, he had himself retired in disgust, yet could not refuse the earnest solicitations of the young Augustus, who, forsaking the plum

\* All regimental officers above the rank of captain, viz. majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels. Ed.

† Lieutenants and ensigns. Ed.

cake, seated himself on a stool in front of his father, and looked up in his face with the most imploring expression of inquiry. He therefore thus continued:—

“The rest of the cavalry consists of dragoon guards, dragoons, light dragoons, hussars, and lancers. All the dragoon guards, and some of the dragoons, are also called heavy dragoons, because they were originally heavier men, carried more weighty accoutrements, and were mounted upon larger horses than those called light dragoons; they are armed with swords, pistols, and carbines\*, and are dressed in scarlet. The hussars are distinguished by an additional jacket, called a pelisse, which hangs over the left shoulder, and serves as well to protect the arm as to furnish them with an additional covering. The light dragoons wear short blue jackets, the facings† of which denote the particular regiment to which they belong, and all the officers wear two epaulets. Both hussars and light dragoons are armed with weapons of a similar denomination to those used by the heavy dragoons, but the carbine which they use is lighter, and the sword, instead of being straight, is of a curved form, and is called a *sabre*. The lancers are dressed much the same as the light dragoons: they have

\* *Carbine*. A small gun. Ed.

† *Facings*. The collar and cuffs of uniform coats or jackets. Ed.

also pistols and sabres, but, instead of the carbine, carry a long piece of wood with a sharp iron top, which is called a lance."

*Augustus.* And do they stick the French with this, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* It is their weapon of attack against any enemy, and a most formidable weapon it is. The Polish lancers, who were in Buonaparte's army, did great injury to our troops at Albuera in Spain, where they came unexpectedly upon the rear of \* General Steward's division†, and made nearly all his men prisoners. One of them even ventured to attack Lord Beresford himself, who commanded our army on that day, but his lordship was too strong for the Pole, and he threw him from his horse, and then a brave dragoon of the British army came and struck the Pole with his sword, and killed him.

*Augustus.* Wasn't it very impudent of the Polish lancers, papa, to attack the commander in chief?

*Mr. Fairfield.* The soldiers of an enemy, my dear, are not very ceremonious in battle. Poor General Ponsonby was killed by some of the very same description of troops at Waterloo, where they took advantage of his unprotected position in a ploughed field, out of which his

\* *Upon the rear of.* Behind. ED.

† *Division.* A certain portion of an army under the command of a general. ED.

horse was not able to carry him, and he fell covered with wounds from the deadly lances.

*Augustus.* Poor General Ponsonby! but couldn't our cavalry beat the lancers, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* Indeed, my dear, the British light cavalry were not equal to compete with the French lancers, but our heavy cavalry were very superior to them, and a remarkable instance of this occurred the day before the battle of Waterloo, when the Duke of Wellington was retreating to prepare for that battle. On that day the 7th Hussars failed in their attack on the French lancers, although they charged twice with the greatest bravery, and lost a great many men, but the Marquis of Anglesea, who is now Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and who on that day commanded the British cavalry, was determined that the French should not advance, and finding the hussars were not sufficiently powerful, he did not again risk the lives of such brave fellows, but renewed the attack with the first regiment of life guards.

*Augustus.* What, those with the long-tailed horses, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* The same; Lord Anglesea led these against the French lancers, and in the very first charge they completely overthrew them, and drove them back in such a manner that the Duke of Wellington was able to continue his retreat to Waterloo undisturbed.

*Augustus.* What a brave man Lord Anglesea must be, papa! and what brave men all the life guards! Oh, I should like to be a life guards' officer!

*Henry.* What nonsense you talk, Augustus! the life guards are all the tallest men in England, twice as high as papa, so Betsy told me, and she was housemaid in London. I'm sure you never will be tall enough; will he, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* Betsy's acquaintances, I suspect, were among the privates, whose height, I believe, is limited to six feet, but there is no regulation of that kind respecting the officers; indeed, some of these are so out of proportion to the men that their appearance on parade is extremely absurd and inconsistent.

*Augustus.* Are the life guards *dragoons*, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* Certainly, my dear, that term is generally applicable to all our cavalry, and was originally given to them in consequence of the *dragon* or short gun with which some regiments were armed.

*Augustus.* But why did they call the gun a *dragon*, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* Because its mouth was ornamented with the head of an imaginary monster called a *dragon*, of which I dare say you remember having read in the Seven Champions of Christendom.

*Augustus.* But tell me about the foot soldiers

now, papa; have they dragons too, and lances, and——

*Mr. Fairfield.* No; the foot soldiers, or infantry, have none of the arms which I have been describing; they are simply provided with a long gun called a musket or firelock, on the top of which is fixed, when they attack the enemy, a sharp weapon called a bayonet; with the use of this the English troops are considered to be so well acquainted, that no enemy can withstand their charge; and, in most of our engagements with the French, they generally ran away at the mere sight of the English bayonets.

*Augustus.* Indeed! what a good thing a bayonet must be, papa; but don't the infantry get very tired after they have been running about with their bayonets? I think the life guards would beat them then, wouldn't they, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* It is very natural for you to think so, Augustus; but experience teaches us that no cavalry can conquer brave and steady infantry; and the reason is this, when infantry are going to be attacked by cavalry, they form themselves into a solid square, and thus united, the front ranks kneel down and present their bayonets, while those behind stand up and fire. The balls kill and wound some of the men and horses, which throws the cavalry into confusion; and if they recover this, and again advance

against the square, the horses are frightened at the sharp bayonets which stick out on all sides, and their riders cannot get them to break through the square. It was in this way that the Duke of Wellington beat Buonaparte at Waterloo, for Buonaparte had much more cavalry than the Duke of Wellington. They were very brave troops too, and some of the French dragoons had the advantage of being defended by jackets of steel called cuirasses. These *cuirassiers* rode up to the bayonets of the English infantry with the greatest gallantry, and, regardless of the cannon balls and bullets, rode round and round the squares to try if they could find a hole to get in at; but the English infantry kept close together, and as fast as any of them were killed, others filled up the space immediately, so that the French cuirassiers were obliged to ride back again to their own army, without making any impression on the English infantry, and after suffering great loss themselves.

*Augustus.* And did the English then run after them with their bayonets, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* No, Augustus; that would not have been a very good manœuvre\*, for the French cavalry would soon have taken advantage of the exposed position in which the English infantry would have been placed by changing from the

\* *Manœuvre.* A movement of troops. Ed.

form of a square into a line, which they must have done in order to have run after them. You know the security of the British depended upon their keeping together in the square form which I have described; and in that form they remained until the gallant General Blucher, with the Prussian soldiers, came to their assistance. Now, when the Duke of Wellington saw that these cuirassiers were annoying his infantry, he told Lord Edward Somerset, who commanded our heavy cavalry, to drive the cuirassiers away, and Lord Edward Somerset, like a brave man, immediately led the brigade\* of heavy dragoons, which consisted of the life guards, horse guards, and 1st dragoon guards, against the French cuirassiers, whom they completely routed and drove from the field, knocking many of them into a gravel pit, into which men and horses tumbled head over heels.

*Augustus.* But how could they kill the French, papa, when they had steel jackets on?

*Mr. Fairfield.* It was no easy matter certainly; and the men of the life guards said it was like cracking lobsters in the shells, but the life guards were stronger men than the French, and heavier; so they first knocked the cuirassiers off their

\* Two or more regiments united for the purpose of acting together; generally three regiments. ED.



horses, and then broke off their cuirasses and killed them.

*Augustus.* Oh brave life guards! did they win the battle, papa?

*Mr. Fairfield.* They very much contributed to the success of the day; but it is to the firmness of the infantry that we are principally indebted for that glorious victory. On them every thing depended; for if our infantry had given way to the French, the Duke of Wellington would have been obliged to retreat, but they remained steady in the squares, and notwithstanding all the French cavalry, infantry, and artillery could do, they would not stir, until at last the Prussians came to Lord Wellington's assistance, and then the French ran away.

*Augustus.* Oh, dear, how tired the poor infantry must have been, waiting so long, and all the time having the French fighting them. Well, they were fine obstinate fellows certainly; but, papa, I think I would rather be a life guards' officer than an infantry officer, it's so much nicer to be on a long-tailed horse, galloping about and riding after the French, than standing still with bayonets, and letting the French gallop up to them. Oh, papa, do let me be a life guards' officer!

Mr. Fairfield told the young enthusiast that he would talk about that point some other time,

and Henry having now packed up his map, which with great difficulty he had managed to put together during the distracting dialogue between his father and Augustus, the two boys bade Mr. Fairfield good night, and went to enjoy that peculiar blessing of the young—

“Pleasing dreams and slumbers light.”



**THE NAME OF ENGLAND.****BY MRS. HEMANS.**

**THE trumpet of the battle  
Hath a high and thrilling tone,  
And the first deep gun of an ocean fight,  
Dread music all its own.**

**But a mightier power, my England,  
Is in that name of thine,  
To strike the fire from every heart  
Along the banner'd line.**

**Proudly it woke the spirits  
Of you, the tried and true,  
When the bow was bent on Cressy's field,  
And the yeoman's arrow flew.**

And proudly hath it floated  
Through the battles of the sea,  
When thy queenly flag o'er the smoke-wreaths  
play'd,  
Like the lightning in its glee.

On wave, on rock, on bastion,  
Its echoes have been known;  
By a thousand streams the hearts lie low,  
That have answer'd to its tone.

A thousand ancient mountains  
Its pealing note hath stirr'd;  
Sound on, and on, for evermore,  
Oh, thou victorious word!



# MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.

A DRAMATIC PROVERB.

BY MRS. R. S. JAMESON.

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WRITTEN FOR

HYACINTHE, EMILY, CAROLINE, AND EDWARD.

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## CHARACTERS.

**DICK**, *the Cobbler, a very honest man, and very merry withal, much given to singing.*

**MARGERY**, *his wife, simple and affectionate, and one of the best women in the world.*

**LADY AMARANTHE**, *a fine lady, full of airs and affectation, but not without good feeling.*

**MADemoiselle JUSTINE**, *her French maid, very like other French maids.*

*The SCENE lies partly in the Garret of the Cobbler, and partly in LADY AMARANTHE'S Drawing-room.*

## SCENE I.



*A Garret meanly furnished; several Pairs of old Shoes, a Coat, Hat, Bonnet, and Shawl hanging against the Wall. DICK is seated on a low Stool in front. He works, and sings.*

*As she lay on that day  
In the Bay of Biscay O!*

Now that's what *I* call a good song; but my wife, she can't abear them blusteration songs, she says; she likes something tender and genteel, full of fine words. (*Sings in a mincing voice*)

*Vake, dearest, vake, and agin united  
Ve'll vander by the sea-he-he-e.*

Hang me, if I can understand a word of it! but when my wife sings it out with her pretty little

mouth, it does one's heart good to hear her; and I could listen to her for ever: but, for my own part, what I like is a song that comes thundering out with a meaning in it! (*Sings, and flourishes his hammer with enthusiasm, beating time upon the shoe*)

*March! march! Eskdale and Tiviotdale,  
All the Blue Bonnets are over the border!*

*Margery (from within).* Dick! Dick! what a noise you keep!

*Dick.* A noise, eh? Why, Meg, you didn't use to think it a noise: you used to like to hear me sing!

*Marg. (entering)* And so I did, and so I do. I loves music with all my heart; but the whole parish will hear you if you go for to bawl out so monstrous loud.

*Dick.* And let them! who cares?

*(He sings, she laughs.)*

*Marg.* Nay, sing away if you like it!

*Dick (stopping suddenly).* I won't sing another bit if you don't like it, Meg!

*Marg.* Oh, I do like it! Lord bless us! not like it! it sounds so merry! Why, Dick, love, every body said yesterday that you sung as well as Mr. Thingumee at Sadler's Wells, and says they, "Who is that young man as sings like any nightingale?" and I says (*drawing herself up*), "That's my husband!"

*Dick.* Ay! flummery!—But, Meg, I say, how did you like the wedding yesterday?

*Marg.* Oh, hugely! such heaps of smart people, as fine as fivepence, I warrant; and such gay gowns and caps! and plenty to eat and drink!—But what I liked best was the walking in the gardens at Bagnigge Wells, and the tea, and the crumpets!

*Dick.* And the punch!

*Marg.* Yes—ha! ha! I could see you thought *that* good! and then the dancing!

*Dick.* Ay, ay; and there warn't one amongst them that footed it away like my Margery. And folks says to me, “Pray, who is that pretty modest young woman as hops over the ground as light as a feather?” says they; and says I, “Why, that there pretty young woman is my wife, to be sure!”

*Marg.* Ah, you're at your jokes, Dick!

*Dick.* I'll be hanged then!

*Marg.* (*leaning on his shoulder*) Well, to be sure, we were very happy yesterday. It's good to make holiday just now and then, but somehow I was very glad to come home to our own little room again. O Dick!—did you mind that Mrs. Pinchtoe, that gave herself such grand airs?—she in the fine lavender silk gown—that turned up her nose at me so, and all because she's a master shoemaker's wife! (*sighs*) I wish *you* were a master shoemaker, Dick.



**Dick.** That you might be a master shoemaker's wife, hay ! and turn up your nose like Mrs. Pinch-toe ?

**Marg. (laughing)** No, no ; I have more manners.

**Dick.** Would you love me better, Meg, if I were a master shoemaker ?

**Marg.** No, I couldn't love you better if you were a king ; and that you know, Dick ! and, after all, we're happy now, and who knows what might be if we were to change ?

**Dick.** Ay, indeed ! who knows ? you might grow into a fine lady like she over the way, who comes home o' nights just as we're getting up in the morning, with the flams flaring, and blazing like any thing ; and that puts me in mind——

**Marg.** Of what, Dick ? tell me !

**Dick.** Why, cousin Tom's wedding put it all out of my head last night ; but yesterday there comes over to me one of those fine bedizened fellows we see lounging about the door there, with a cocked hat, and things like stay laces dangling at his shoulder.

**Marg.** What could he want, I wonder !

**Dick.** O ! he comes over to me as I was just standing at the door below, a thinking of nothing at all, and singing Paddy O'Rafferty to myself, and says he to me, " You cobbler fellow," says he, " don't you go for to keep such a bawling every

morning, awakening people out of their first sleep," says he, "for if you do, my lord will have you put into the stocks," says he.

*Marg.* The stocks! O goodness gracious me! and what for, pray?

*Dick (with a grin).* Why, for singing, honey! So says I, "Hark'ee, Mr. Scrape-trencher, there go words to that bargain: what right have you to go for to speak in that there way to me?" says I; and says he, "We'll have you 'dited for a nuisance, fellor," says he.

*Marg. (clasping her hands)* A nuisance! my Dick a nuisance! O Lord a' mercy!

*Dick.* Never fear, girl; I'm a free-born Englishman, and I knows the laws well enough: and says I, "No more a fellor than yourself; I'm an honest man, following an honest calling, and I don't care *that* for you nor your lord neither; and I'll sing *when* I please, and I'll sing *what* I please, and I'll sing as loud as I please; I will, by jingo!" and so he lifts me up his cane, and I says quite cool, "This house is my castle; and if you don't take yourself out of that in a jiffey, why, I'll give your laced jacket such a dusting as it never had before in its life—I will."

*Marg.* Oh, Dick! you've a spirit of your own, I warrant. Well, and then?

*Dick.* Oh, I promise you he was off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and I've heard no more

of him; but I was determined to wake you this morning with a thundering song; just to show 'em I didn't care for 'em—ha! ha! ha!

*Marg.* Oh, ho! that was the reason then you bawled so in my ear, was it? Oh, well, I forgive you; but, bless me! I stand chattering here, and it's twelve o'clock, as I live! I must go to market—(*putting on her shawl and bonnet*). What would you like to have for dinner, Dick, love? a nice rasher of bacon, by way of a relish?

*Dick* (*smacking his lips*). Just the very thing, honey.

*Marg.* Well, give me the shilling then.

*Dick* (*scratching his head*). What shilling?

*Marg.* Why, the shilling you had yesterday.

*Dick* (*feeling in his pockets*). A shilling!

*Marg.* Yes, a shilling. (*Gaily*) To have meat, one must have money; and folks must eat as well as sing, Dick, love. Come, out with it!

*Dick.* But suppose I haven't got it?

*Marg.* How! what! you don't mean for to say that the last shilling that you put in your pocket, just to make a show, is gone?

*Dick* (*with a sigh*). But I do though—it's gone.

*Marg.* What shall we do?

*Dick.* I don't know. (*A Pause. They look at each other.*) Stay, that's lucky. Here's a pair of dancing pumps as belongs to old Mrs. Crusty, the baker's wife at the corner—

*Marg. (gaily)* We can't eat *them* for dinner, I guess.

*Dick.* No, no; but I'm just at the last stitch.

*Marg.* Yes—

*Dick (speaking and working in a hurry).* You'll take them home—

*Marg.* Yes—

*Dick.* And tell her I must have seven pence halfpenny for them (*Gives them*).

*Marg. (examining the shoes)* But isn't that some'at extortionate, as a body may say? seven pence halfpenny!

*Dick.* Why, here's heel pieces, and a patch upon each toe; one must live, Meg!

*Marg.* Yes, Dick, love; but so must other folks. Now I think seven pence would be enough in all conscience—what do you say?

*Dick.* Well, settle it as you like; only get a bit of dinner for us, for I'm monstrous hungry, I know.

*Marg.* I'm going. Good bye, Dick!

*Dick.* Take care of theeself—and don't spend the change in caps and ribbons, Meg!

*Marg.* Caps and ribbons out of seven pence! Lord help the man! ha, ha, ha! (*She goes out.*)

*Dick (calling after her).* And come back soon, d'ye hear? There she goes—hop, skip, and jump, down the stairs. Somehow, I can't abear to have her out of my sight a minute. Well, if ever there was a man could say he had

a good wife, why, that's me myself—tho' I say it—the cheerfullest, sweetest temperedst, cleanliest, lovingest woman in the whole parish, that never gives one an ill word from year's end to year's end, and deserves at least that a man should work hard for her—it's all I can do—and we must think for to-morrow as well as to-day. (*He works with great energy, and sings at the same time with equal enthusiasm*)

*Cannot ye do as I do?*

*Cannot ye do as I do?*

*Spend your money, and work for more;*

*THAT'S the way that I do!*

*Tol de rol lol.*

*Re-enter MARGERY, in haste.*

*Marg. (out of breath)* Oh, Dick, husband! Dick, I say!

*Dick.* Hay! what's the matter now?

*Marg.* Here be one of those fine powdered laced fellows from over the way comed after you again.

*Dick (rising).* An impudent jackanapes! I'll give him as good as he brings.

*Marg.* Oh, no, no! he's monstrous civil now; for he chucked me under the chin, and says he, "My pretty girl!"—

*Dick.* Ho! monstrous civil indeed, with a vengeance!

*Marg.* And says he, "Do you belong to this

here house?" "Yes, sir," says I, making a curtsy, for I couldn't do no less when he spoke so civil; and says he, "Is there an honest cobbler as lives here?" "Yes, sir," says I, "my husband that is." "Then, my dear," says he, "just tell him to step over the way, for my lady Amaranthe wishes to speak to him immediately."

*Dick.* A lady? O Lord!

*Marg.* Yes, so you must go directly. Here, take off your apron, and let me comb your hair a bit.

*Dick.* What the mischief can a lady want with me? I've nothing to do with ladies, as I knows of.

*Marg.* Why, she won't eat you up, I reckon.

*Dick.* And yet I—I—I be afeard, Meg!

*Marg.* Afeard of a lady! that's a good one!

*Dick.* Ay, just—if it were a man, I shouldn't care a fig.

*Marg.* But we've never done no harm to nobody in our whole lives, so what is there to be afraid of?

*Dick.* Nay, that's true.

*Marg.* Now let me help you on with your best coat. Pooh! what is the man about?—Why, you're putting the back to the front, and the front to the back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind!

*Dick.* My head do turn round, just for all the world like a peg-top—A lady! what *can* a lady have to say to me, I wonder?

*Marg.* May be, she's a customer.

*Dick.* No, no, great gentlefolks like she never wears patched toes nor heel pieces, I reckon.

*Marg.* Here's your hat. Now let me see how you can make a bow. (*He bows awkwardly.*) Hold up your head—turn out your toes. That will do capital! (*She walks round him with admiration.*) How nice you look! there's ne'er a gentleman of them all can come up to my Dick.

*Dick* (*hesitating*). But—a—a—Meg, you'll come with me, won't you, and just see me safe in at the door, eh?

*Marg.* Yes, to be sure; walk on before, and let me look at you. Hold up your head—there, that's it!

*Dick* (*marching*). Come along. Hang it, who's afraid?  
[*They go out.*]



**SCENE** *changes to a Drawing-room in the*  
*House of* **LADY AMARANTHE.**



*Enter* **LADY AMARANTHE**, *leaning upon her*  
*maid, MADEMOISELLE JUSTINE.*

*Lady Amaranthe.* Approchez moi un fauteuil, ma chère! arrangez les coussins. (*JUSTINE settles the chair, and places a footstool.* **LADY AMARANTHE**, *sinking into the arm-chair, with a languid air.*) Justine, I shall die, I shall certainly die! I never can survive this!

*Justine.* Mon Dieu! madame, ne parlez pas comme ça! c'est m'enfoncer un poignard dans le cœur!



*Lady Amaranthe (despairingly).* No rest—no possibility of sleeping—fatigued to death with playing the agreeable to disagreeable people, and talking common-place to common-place acquaintance. (*Affectedly.*) Just as I lay my aching head upon my pillow, and downy slumber is descending, late, alas ! upon my closing eyelids, I start—I wake—a voice that would rouse the dead out of their graves echoes in my ears ! In vain I bury my head in the pillow—in vain draw the curtains close—multiply defences against my window—change from room to room—it haunts me. Ah ! I think I hear it still ! (*covering her ears*) it will certainly drive me distracted !

[*During this speech, JUSTINE has made sundry exclamations and gestures expressive of horror, sympathy, and commiseration.*

*Justine.* Vraiment, c'est affreux.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Ah ! if we were in dear Paris, we could easily have had him removed ; but here the vulgar people talk of laws !

*Justine.* Ah, oui, madame, on l'arrangeroit joliment ! mais il faut avouer que c'est ici un pays bien barbare, où l'on ne fait point de différence entre les riches et les pauvres.

*Lady Amaranthe.* But this insolence is unheard of. Justine, did you send the butler over to request civilly that he would not disturb me in the morning ?

*Justine.* Oui, miladi, dat is, I have send John ; de butler he was went out.

*Lady Amaranthe.* And his answer was, that he would sing in spite of me, and louder than ever?

*Justine.* Oui, miladi, le monstre ! il dit comme ça, dat he will sing more louder den ever.

*Lady Amaranthe (shrinking).* Oh ! the horrid man !

*Justine.* Ah ! dere is no politesse, no more den dere is police in dis country.

*Lady Amaranthe.* If my lord were not two hundred miles off—but, as it is, I must find some remedy—bribery, I suppose. Have they sent for him ? I dread to see the wretch—what noise is that ? allez voir, ma chère !

*Justine.* Madame, c'est justement notre homme, voulez-vous qu'il entre ?

*Lady Amaranthe.* Oui, faites entrer.

[*She sinks back in her chair.*]

*Justine (at the door).* Entrez, entrez toujours, dat is, come in, good mister.

*Enter DICK.* He bows ; and, squeezing his hat in his hands, looks round him with considerable embarrassment.

*Justine (to Lady Amaranthe).* Bah ! il sent le cuir d'une lieue, n'est-ce pas, madame ?

*Lady Amaranthe.* Faugh ! mes sels, Justine—

non, l'eau de Cologne, qui est là sur la table. (*JUSTINE brings her some eau de Cologne; she pours some upon her handkerchief, and applies it to her temples and to her nose, as if overcome; then, raising her eye-glass, she examines DICK from head to foot.*) Good man—a—pray, what is your name?

*Dick (with a profound bow).* Dick, please your ladyship.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Hum—a—a—pray, Mr. Dick—

*Dick.* Folks just call me plain Dick, my lady. I'm a poor honest cobbler, and no mister.

*Lady Amaranthe (pettishly).* Sir—a—it is no matter. You live in the small house over the way, I think?

*Dick.* Yes, ma'am, my lady, I does; I rents the attics.

*Lady Amaranthe.* You appear a good civil sort of man enough. (*He bows.*) I sent my servant over to request that you would not disturb me in the night—or the morning, as you call it. I have very weak health—am quite an invalid—your loud singing in the morning just opposite to my windows——

*Dick (eagerly).* Ma'am, I—I'm very sorry; I ax your ladyship's pardon; I'll never sing no more above my breath, if you please.

*Justine.* Comment! c'est honnête, par exemple.

*Lady Amaranthe (surprised).* Then you did

not tell my servant that you would sing louder than ever, in spite of me?

*Dick.* Me, my lady? I never said no such thing.

*Lady Amaranthe.* This is strange; or is there some mistake? Perhaps you are not the same Mr. Dick?

*Dick.* Why, yes, my lady, for that matter, I be the same Dick. (*approaching a few steps, and speaking confidentially*). I'll just tell your ladyship the whole truth, and not a bit of a lie. There comes an impudent fellow to me, and he tells me, just out of his own head, I'll be bound, that if I sung o'mornings, he would have me be put in the stocks.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Good heavens!

*Justine (in the same tone).* Grands dieux!

*Dick (with a grin).* Now the stocks is for a rogue, as the saying is. As for my singing, that's neither here nor there; but no jackanapes shall threaten *me*. I *will* sing if I please (*sturdily*), and I won't sing if I don't please; and (*lowering his tone*), I don't please, if it disturbs your ladyship. (*Retreating*) I wish your ladyship a good day, and better health.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Stay; you are not then the rude uncivil person I was told of?

*Dick.* I hopes I knows better than to do an uncivil thing by a lady.

[*Bows, and retreats towards the door.*

*Lady Amaranthe.* Stay, sir—a—a—one word.

*Dick.* Oh, as many as you please, ma'am ; I'm in no hurry.

*Lady Amaranthe (graciously).* Are you married ?

*Dick (rubbing his hands with glee).* Yes, ma'am, I be ; and to as tight a bit of a wife as any in the parish.

*Lady Amaranthe.* You love her then ?

*Dick.* Oh, then I do ! I love her with all my heart ! who could help it ?

*Lady Amaranthe.* Indeed ! and how do you live ?

*Dick.* Why, bless you, ma'am, sometimes well, sometimes ill, according as I have luck and work. When we can get a bit of dinner, we eat it, and when we can't, why, we go without ; or, may be, a kind neighbour helps us.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Poor creatures !

*Dick.* Oh, not so poor neither, my lady ; many folks is worser off. I'm always merry, night and day ; and my Meg is the good temperedst, best wife in the world. We've never had nothing from the parish, and never will, please God, while I have health and hands.

*Lady Amaranthe.* And you are happy ?

*Dick.* As happy as the day is long.

*Lady Amaranthe (aside).* This is a lesson to me. Eh bien, Justine, voilà notre sauvage !

*Justine.* C'est un brave homme, au moins.

*Lady Amaranthe (with increasing interest).*  
Have you any children?

*Dick (with a sigh).* No, ma'am; and that's the only thing as frets us.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Good heavens! you do not mean to say you wish for them, and have scarce enough for yourselves? how would you feed them?

*Dick.* Oh, I should leave Meg to feed them; I should have nothing to do but to work for them. Providence would take care of us while they were little; and, when they were big, they would help us.

*Lady Amaranthe (aside).* I could not have conceived this. (*She whispers JUSTINE, who goes out.*) (*To DICK.*) Can I do any thing to serve you?

*Dick.* Only, if your ladyship could recommend me any custom, I mend shoes as cheap as e'er a cobbler in London, though I say it.

*Lady Amaranthe.* I shall certainly desire that all my people employ you whenever there is occasion.

*Re-enter JUSTINE, holding a purse in her hand.*

*Dick (bowing).* Much obliged, my lady; I hopes to give satisfaction, but (*looking with admiration at LADY AMARANTHE'S foot as it rests on the footstool*) such a pretty little deli-

cate, beautiful foot as yon, I never fitted in all my born days. It can't cost your ladyship much in shoe leather, I guess!

*Lady Amaranthe (smiling complacently).* Rather more than you would imagine, I fancy, good friend.

*Justine.* Eh! mais, il ne manque pas de goût.

*Lady Amaranthe (glancing at her foot).* Il a du bon sens, et ne parle pas mal. (*She takes the purse.*) As you have so civilly obliged me, you must allow me to make you some return.

*Dick (putting his hand behind him).* Me, ma'am! I'm sure I don't want to be paid for being civil.

*Lady Amaranthe.* But as I have deprived you of a pleasure, my good friend, some amends surely—

*Dick.* Oh, ma'am, pray don't mention it; my wife's a little tired and sleepy sometimes of a morning, and if I didn't sing her out of bed, I do think she would, by chance, snooze away till six o'clock, like any duchess; but a pinch or a shake or a kiss will do as well, may be: and (*earnestly*) she's, for all that, the best woman in the world.

*Lady Amaranthe (smiling).* I can believe it, though she *does* sleep till six o'clock like a duchess. Well, my good friend, there are five guineas in this purse; the purse is my own work;

and I request you will present it to your wife from me, with many thanks for your civility.

*Dick (confused).* Much obliged, much obliged, but I can't, I can't indeed, my lady. Five guineas! O Lord! I should never know what to do with such a power of money.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Your wife will not say the same, depend upon it; she will find some use for it.

*Dick.* My Meg, poor woman! she never had so much money in all her life.

*Lady Amaranthe.* I must insist upon it; you will offend me.

*Justine (taking the purse out of her lady's hand, and forcing it upon Dick).* Mais quelle bêtise!—you no understand!—It is de gold and de silver money (*laughing*). Comme il a l'air ébahi!

*Dick (putting up the money).* Many thanks, and I pray God bless your ladyship!

*Lady Amaranthe (gaily).* Good morning, Mr. Dick. Remember me to your wife.

*Dick.* I will, my lady. I wish your ladyship, and you, miss, a good morning. (*To himself*) Five guineas!—what will Meg say?—I'll be a master shoemaker. (*Going out in an ecstasy, he knocks his head against the wall.*)

*Lady Amaranthe.* Take care, friend. Montrez-lui la porte, Justine! (*DICK follows JUSTINE*



*out of the door, after making several bows).*  
Poor man!—well, he's silenced—he does not look as if he would sing, morning or night, for the next twelve months.

*Re-enter JUSTINE.*

*Justine.* Voici Madame Mincetaille, qui vient pour essayer la robe-de-bal de madame.

*Lady Amaranthe.* Ah! allons donc.

[*They go out.*]



*The SCENE changes to the Cobbler's Garret.*



*Enter MARGERY, in haste; a basket in her hand.  
She looks about her.*

*Marg.* Not come back yet! what can keep him, I wonder! (*Takes off her bonnet and shawl.*) Well, I must get the dinner ready. (*Pauses, and looks anxious.*) But, somehow, I feel not easy in my mind. What could they want with him?—Hark! (*Goes to the door.*) No—what a time he is! But suppose they should 'dite him for a nuisance—O me! or send him to the watchhouse—O my poor Dick! I

must go and see after him ! I must go this very instant moment ! (*snatches up her bonnet.*) Oh, I hear him now ; but how slowly he comes up !

[*Runs to the door, and leads him in.*]

*Enter DICK.*

*Marg.* Oh, my dear, dear Dick, I am so glad you are come at last ! But how pale you look ! all I don't know how ! What's the matter ? why don't you speak to me, Dick, love ?

*Dick* (*fanning himself with his hat*). Let me breathe, wife.

*Marg.* But what's the matter ? where have you been ? who did you see ? what did they say to you ? Come, tell me quick.

*Dick.* Why, Meg, how your tongue does gallop ! as if a man could answer twenty questions in a breath.

*Marg.* Did you see the lady herself ? Tell me that.

*Dick* (*looking round the room suspiciously*). Shut the door first.

*Marg.* There.

[*Shuts it.*]

*Dick.* Shut the other.

*Marg.* The other ?—there,

[*Shuts it.*]

*Dick.* Lock it fast, I say.

*Marg.* There's no lock ; and that you know.

*Dick* (*frightened*). No lock !—then we shall all be robbed !

*Marg.* Robbed of what? Sure, there's nothing here for any one to rob! You never took such a thing into your head before.

[*Dick goes to the door, and tries to fasten it.*

*Marg. (aside)* For sartain, he's bewitched—or have they given him something to drink?—or, perhaps, he's ill. (*very affectionately, and laying her hand on his shoulder*) Are you not well, Dick, love? Will you go to bed, sweetheart?

*Dick (gruffly).* No. Go to bed in the broad day!—the woman's cracked.

*Marg. (whimpering)* Oh, Dick, what in the world has come to you?

*Dick.* Nothing—nothing but good, you fool. There—there—don't cry, I tell you.

*Marg. (wiping her eyes)* And did you see the lady?

*Dick.* Ay, I seed her; and a most beautiful lady she is, and she sends her sarvice to you.

*Marg.* Indeed! lauk-a-daisy! I'm sure I'm much obliged—but what did she say to you?

*Dick.* Oh, she said this, and that, and t'other—a great deal.

*Marg.* But what, Dick?

*Dick.* Why, she said—she said as how I sung so fine, she couldn't sleep o' mornings.

*Marg.* Sleep o' mornings! that's a good joke! Let people sleep o' nights, I say.

*Dick (solemnly).* But she can't, poor soul, she's very ill; she has pains here, and pains there, and everywhere.

*Marg.* Indeed! poor lady! then you mustn't disturb her no more, Dick, that's a sure thing.

*Dick.* Ay, so I said; and so she gave me this. [*Takes out the purse, and holds it up.*]

*Marg. (clapping her hands)* O goodness! what a fine purse!—Is there any thing in it?

*Dick (chinks the money).* Do ye hear that? Guess now.

*Margery (timidly).* Five shillings, perhaps, eh?

*Dick.* Five shillings!—five guineas, girl.

*Marg. (with a scream)* Five guineas! five guineas! (*skips about*) tal, la!, la! five guineas! (*Runs, and embraces her husband.*) Oh, Dick! we'll be so rich and so happy. I want a power of things. I'll have a new gown—lavender, shall it be?—Yes, it shall be lavender; and a red petticoat; and a lace cap, like Mrs. Pinch-toe's, with pink ribbons—how she will stare! and I'll have two silver spoons, and a nutmeg grater, and——

*Dick.* Ho, ho, ho! what a jabber! din, din, din! You'll have this, and you'll have that! First, I'll have a good stock of neat's leather.

*Marg.* Well, well, give me the purse; I'll take care of it. [*Snatches at it.*]

*Dick.* No, thankee, *I'll* take care of it.

*Marg.* (*coaxing*) You know I always keep the money, Dick!

*Dick.* Ay, Meg, but I'll keep this, do ye mind?

*Marg.* What! keep it all to yourself?—No, you won't; an't I your wife, and haven't I a right? I ax you that.

*Dick.* Pooh! don't be bothering me.

*Marg.* Come, give it me at once, there's a dear Dick!

*Dick.* What, to waste it all in woman's nonsense and frippery? Don't be a fool! we're rich, and we'll keep it safe.

*Marg.* Why, where's the use of money but to spend? Come, come, I *will* have it.

*Dick.* Hey-day! you will?—You shan't; who's the master here, I say?

*Marg.* (*passionately*) Why, if you come to that, who's the mistress here, I say?

*Dick.* Now, Meg, don't you go to provoke me.

*Marg.* Pooh! I defy you.

*Dick* (*doubling his fist*). Don't you put me in a passion, Meg!

*Marg.* Get along; I don't care that for you! (*snaps her fingers.*) You used to be my own dear Dick, and now you're a cross, miserly cur-mudgeon—

*Dick* (*quite furious*). You will have it then!

Why, then, take it, with a mischief;—take that, and that, and that! [*He beats her; she screams.*

*Marg.* Oh! oh! oh!—pray don't—pray—(*Breaks from him, and throws herself into a chair.*) O Dick! to go for to strike me! O that I should ever see the day!—you cruel, unkind——Oh! oh!

[*Covers her face with her apron, sobs, and cries; and he stands looking at her sheepishly.*

*A Pause.*

*Dick (in great agitation).* Eh, why! women be made of eggshells, I do think. Why, Meg, I didn't hurt you, did I? why don't you speak? Now, don't you be sulky, come; it wasn't much. A man is but flesh and blood, after all; come, I say—I'll never get into a passion with you again to my dying day—I won't—come, don't cry; (*tries to remove the apron*) come, kiss, and be friends. Won't you forgive your own dear Dick, won't you? (*ready to cry*) She won't!—Here, here's the money, and the purse and all—take it, do what you like with it. (*She shakes her head.*) What, you won't then? why, then, there (*throws it on the ground*). Deuce fetch me if ever I touch it again! and I wish my fingers had been burnt before ever I took it,—so I do! (*with feeling.*) We were so happy this morning, when we hadn't a penny to bless ourselves with, nor even a bit to eat; and now, since all this money has come to us of a sudden, why, it's all as one

as if old Nick himself were in the purse. I'll tell you what, Meg, eh! shall I? Shall I take it back to the lady, and give our duty to her, and tell her we don't want her guineas, shall I, Meg? shall I, dear heart?

[*During the last few words, MARGERY lets the apron fall from her face, looks up at him, and smiles.*]

**Dick.** Oh, that's right, and we'll be happy again, and never quarrel more.

**Marg.** No, never! (*They embrace.*) Take it away, for I can't bear the sight of it.

**Dick.** Take it *you* then, for you know, Meg, I said I would never touch it again; and what I says, I says—and what I says, I sticks to.

[*Pushes it towards her with his foot.*]

**Marg.** And so do I: and I vowed to myself that I wouldn't touch it, and I won't.

[*Kicks it back to him.*]

**Dick.** How shall we manage then? Oh, I have it. Fetch me the tongs here. (*Takes up the purse in the tongs, and holds it at arm's length.*) Now I'm going. So, Meg, if you repent, now's the time. Speak—or for ever hold your tongue.

**Marg.** Me repent? No, my dear Dick! I feel, somehow, quite light, as if a great lump were gone away from here.

[*Laying her hands on her bosom.*]



*Dick.* And so do I; so come along. We never should have believed this, if we hadn't tried; but it's just what my old mother used to say—**MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.**



**THE CRICKET.**  
**A LEGEND OF THE SEA.**

**BY HENRY ELLIS, ESQ.**



These Verses were occasioned by a passenger in a homeward bound Indiaman having killed a cricket, which insect had been constantly heard on board during the first part of the voyage.

**ALAS!** my little midnight friend,  
Whose chirping cheer'd that lonely hour,  
I mourn thy sad untimely end,  
The wanton deed of peevish power.

From Afric's coast, when homeward bound,  
While yet the Atlantic roll'd between,  
How oft I've hail'd thy chirping sound,  
So like the dear domestic scene.

Half serious, then a vow I made  
That could I catch thee, little thing,  
With me at home thou shouldst have staid,  
Upon my own fireside to sing.

Thy fairy trump could break no rest,  
Nor hinder study, e'er so deep;  
The hand then truly was unblest,  
Which could not from thy murder keep.

Thy slayer sure the tale ne'er knew,  
A tale which sailors still do heed,  
Of him who once a cricket slew,  
And paid full dearly for the deed.

The ship was Spanish, homeward bound,  
Had left behind the Western Isles;  
The sun had set, all clear around,  
And nature seem'd to rest in smiles.

But chance a monk, with dinner full,  
Lay snoring in an easy doze,  
While dreams of fasting fill'd his skull,  
And prayers were murmur'd through his nose.

Just then a cricket stepp'd from out  
The secret nook, its seat by day,  
And raised its little chirping shout,  
Waking the glutton as he lay.

Up rose the monk with anger fill'd,  
And, marking where the cricket stood,  
First caught, then fierce the chirper kill'd,  
Giving its body to the flood.

At once a furious storm arose,  
Making all skill of no avail ;  
The ship no guiding rudder knows,  
But sinking yields unto the gale.

And 'mid the pauses of the blast  
Ten million crickets chirp'd around,  
Maddening the hour that seem'd the last  
To all, from their distracting sound.

The monk, whom fear forbade to rise,  
Lay trembling in his cell below ;  
When, mark ! before his glaring eyes,  
A monstrous cricket 'gan to grow,—

Which, chirping, thunder'd in his ear,  
“ Remember, wretch ! the cricket slain ; ”  
Nor staid excuse nor prayer to hear,  
But headlong whelm'd him in the main.

Q

Then ceased the storm, but never more  
The peevish monk on board was seen ;  
Nor did the sailors much deplore  
That such his luckless fate had been.



## ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.



**DURING** the great American War an English officer, in command of a foraging party, was together with his soldiers surprised by a large ambush of Indians, who poured in a destructive fire upon them, by which many of the English were killed. The survivors had hardly time to look from whence the attack proceeded, when the Indians sprung forward from their lurking place with yells more savage than the howls of the wild beasts of the forests. The few English who were not killed or disabled took to flight, it being impossible to withstand the superior numbers of the enemy, and among the fugitives

was the officer who had received a wound in his left arm.

For a short time he did not consider himself pursued, but after forcing his way with difficulty through the wildest and gloomiest thickets for about half an hour, he was alarmed to hear the well known whoop of the Indians not far from him. He gave himself up for lost, for what chance had he of escape in those thick woods, every pass of which was probably as familiar to his enemies as unknown to himself? He sought the deepest recesses, but the Indians still kept near him, and an accident only prevented his being almost immediately discovered by them. There was a hollow place, almost like a well, in his path, the mouth of which was so overgrown with wild shrubs as not to be perceptible, except on a minute search. Into this he fell, and though he was bruised by his fall he was here effectually concealed from the Indians. More than once he heard their footsteps as they passed by his place of concealment.

When several hours had elapsed and all seemed still, the officer ventured to stir from his hiding place. His wound was painful; his limbs were stiff; and it was with great difficulty that he could get out of the pit into which he had fallen. At last he effected his deliverance, and faint and wounded as he was, and though the night was dark and dismal, he set forth in hopes of rejoining the English army.

He had not proceeded far when a light, glimmering through the trees, attracted his attention : he approached it with great caution, and sheltering himself from observation, regarded with much anxiety a party of Indians who were assembled round a great fire roasting the flesh of a deer. Their wild and savage looks, as they sat on the ground in the red light of the fire, were truly alarming ; and the officer, afraid of being seen, changed his position in the hope of concealing himself more effectually. In doing so he struck his wounded arm against a branch, which caused him such violent pain that he was unable at the moment to prevent a cry of agony bursting from him. In a moment the Indians were on their feet, and in another they had dragged him forth.

Wounded as he was, and though his enemies were too numerous to leave any chance of successful resistance, the officer drew his sword and endeavoured to defend himself, for he dreaded the torture which he knew the Indians would inflict on him if he became their captive. So unequal a strife would speedily have terminated in the death of the officer, but that an old Indian, who had hitherto stood aloof, sprung forward, and waving his tomahawk over the Englishman forbade any one to harm him.

It was fortunate that this old Indian was the chief of his tribe, and was highly revered by his people for his great strength and skill in war and in hunting,—they sullenly obeyed him. He



addressed the officer in broken French, of which language many of the Indians who were in league with the French had a slight knowledge. He promised him protection, and gave him food. Perceiving that their captive was wounded, he gathered the leaves of some healing plant, and after steeping them in water bound them on the wound, with the greatest solicitude for the officer's recovery, and by words of comfort tried to alleviate his sufferings.

After some time the Indians stretched themselves on the ground to sleep, all but one or two who remained to watch, and the chief, who carried on a short conversation with the officer.

"You cannot," said he, "go away yet, my son, for you could not find the paths through the woods, and if you could you would probably meet with enemies. I cannot now conduct you, for we go in the morning towards the north. You must therefore accompany us, but as soon as possible you shall be restored to your own people. Now go and sleep, for you are wounded and weary and must have rest."

The Englishman it may be imagined did not much relish the idea of being kept among the Indians, it was however much better than being tortured or killed by them, and he returned many thanks to the chief.

Early in the morning he was aroused by the troop preparing for departure. They travelled with the most singular caution, and wound their

way through the most obscure parts of the woods, and guided themselves by tracks quite undistinguishable, except by the experienced eye of an Indian. They preserved a profound silence, and showed great ingenuity in the means they adopted to prevent their course being known.

During the middle of the day they rested, and again at night. In the depth of the night the officer was aroused by some one shaking him, and looking up he saw his friend the old Indian, who, cautioning him to be silent, bade him to follow his steps. He did so, and they proceeded carefully among the woods. It was not until daybreak that the silence was broken by the Englishman asking his conductor whither they were going.

“One of our people,” replied the Indian, “was wounded severely by you when you were first surprised by them. In consequence of this his brother has sworn revenge against you, and it would have been unsafe for you to remain with us. I will guide you to safety, and then return.”

The Englishman made grateful acknowledgments for the Indian's kindness. “I am thinking,” he then added, “why you should show me this goodness, for I was a stranger and am an enemy.”

“Does a white man never do good to a stranger or an enemy?” asked the Indian. The Englishman blushed, and was silent.

“ But I am only paying a debt,” said the Indian, “ nine months ago I was wounded, and weary, and dying of thirst; you saw me and gave me drink, which saved my life. I prayed to the Great Spirit that I might repay the benefit: behold he has heard me.”

The officer was struck with the noble sentiments of the savage, and sighed to think how often his countrymen might take lessons from the Indian.

As the evening drew nigh they came to a tract of country where the woods were thinner,—presently they perceived marks of cultivation: at last the eye was struck by a village not very distant.

“ That is an English station,” said the Indian, “ there you will find white men and friends. But, my son, when thou art with them do not forget the Indian, nor think ill of his people. Farewell, my son! May the Great Spirit protect thee, and give thee strength among thy people.”

The Englishman pressed the hand of the old man, spoke a parting word, for he was too much affected to say more. The next moment the Indian was amid the woods, and the officer on his way to join his regiment.



**THE EXCURSION ;**  
**OR,**  
**THE FATE OF THE WESTMINSTERS.**



**WHERE** Westminster's religious pile  
 Its time-worn form uprears ;  
**Far** famed through all our native isle  
 A neighbouring school appears.

**Here** well he fares, whose spirit spurs  
 Him over learning's search ;  
**Woe** to the lazy who incurs  
 The pain of Busby's birch !

**But** now the birch was dreaded nought,  
 And all alike were gay ;  
**For** time's revolving course had brought  
 A joyful holiday.

“ How shall we best our time employ ?”

Quoth Harry unto James ;  
Says James to Harry, “ I enjoy  
A sail upon the Thames.”

A sail—a sail—a boat—a boat—  
Was now the eager cry ;  
“ But can we guide her when afloat ?”  
Says Benjamin, “ We’ll try.”

And hurry scurry, there and then  
Tom, Ben, James, Harry, wend ;  
Where stand the lounging watermen  
At Westminster’s Bridge end.

“ Stay—stay on shore,” an old man cries,  
The foremost of the crew ;  
“ Before you too much danger lies  
For sailors young as you.”

“ Fear not,” replied the merry men,  
“ Full safely we shall go ;  
No crooked path we sail in, when  
We all go in a row.”

In vain the boatman would persuade  
The eager youths to tarry ;  
“ Put off your voyage” when he said,  
“ Put off the boat,” cried Harry.

Each firmly grasps his bending oar,  
 And pulls with all his force ;  
 And, leaving far behind the shore,  
 They keep their headlong course.

Joyous they were awhile, and merry,  
 "Huzza!" was still their cry ;  
 When, lo ! alongside of their wherry  
 A coal barge lumbers by.

Their prow receives a sudden shock,  
 While o'er the wherry's side  
 On coat and hat, cravat and stock,  
 Dashes the angry tide.

"Well 'tis no worse!" the crew o'erjoyed,  
 As well might be, went on ;  
 For if their prow had been destroyed,  
 Their prowess had been gone.

Well drench'd the granite bridge they view,  
 And think how they in thought err,  
 Who leave the Bridge of Waterloo  
 To take in lieu the water.

The Temple stairs they floated by,  
 The iron bridge survey'd ;  
 And much admired the tower so high,  
 Where patent shot is made.

But, reckless of their late affrights,  
Too careless now they be;  
Nor think, while they are seeing sights,  
Of those who're wreck'd at sea.

Where beams of coffin-wood were floating,  
They nearly found a grave;  
A buoy had almost plunged their boat in  
Beneath the buoyant wave.

But little these adventurers mind  
For perils once pass'd o'er;  
Thoughtless of dangers left behind,  
They sail on as before.

Where London Bridge extends in pride  
O'er arches of all sizes,  
With sudden rush the coming tide  
The voyagers surprises.

A pier, two arches placed between,  
They view with boding fear;  
And wish that peerless bridge had been  
That day without a pier.

The wherry strikes, then reeling round,  
It shoots with headlong fall;  
'Tis vain amid the torrent's sound  
For needful aid to call.

Think how their toils and lives were o'er  
Closed in the watery strife!—  
If you think so, you were never more  
Mistaken in your life.

Stout watermen on shore who stand  
Their sad misfortune spy ;  
And boldly pull them to the land,  
Neither quite wet nor dry.

'Twas thus, with peril and with pain,  
Their first adventure pass'd ;  
And, if they never go again,  
'Twill also be their last.





## HAPPINESS.

A DIALOGUE. BY MRS. NEELEY.



"WHAT a happy man Mr. Malton must be," said Henry Fensham to his father, as they walked one morning past the splendid habitation of one of their rich neighbours.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Fensham.

"Oh, because he is so rich, papa, and has such fine horses and carriages, and every thing he can possibly want."

"That is to say, every thing which *you* think he can want—every thing that you should like to have yourself."

Henry was going to reply to what his father had said, when his attention was diverted to a butterfly, which flew past, exhibiting its beautiful spotted wings.

"Oh, what a grand butterfly!" exclaimed Henry; "and how delighted he seems this fine sunshiny day, frisking about in the air. I think," added he, laughing, "he must be as happy as Mr. Malton."

"Or as that swan," said his father, looking at one which was sailing about in an adjoining pond.

"Oh, yes, papa," said Henry, "quite as happy as that proud swan, though he does seem so well satisfied with himself."

"And yet a swan is a much superior creature to a butterfly, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, he is much larger and stronger, and more majestic."

"And still you think a butterfly may be as happy?"

"Yes, papa, why not?"

"I see no reason certainly why he should not, any more than why a person of a moderate station in life, yourself for instance, may not be as happy as one of much greater fortune and rank."

"Oh, but that is quite a different thing, papa; because the butterfly's notions, if he has any, I dare say are quite different from a swan's; and he would not wish to change any more than the swan."

"Most likely not, because his feelings were no doubt adapted to his nature, and to the state of existence in which he has been placed."

"And why not yours likewise?"

"Yes," said Henry, "and so they are; and I am quite satisfied and happy. But you know if I had all the fine and convenient things that Mr. Malton has, I should feel a deal more so."

"I am not sure of that," said Mr. Fensham; "but even if *you* would be happier, that does not prove that Mr. Malton is."

"But why not, papa?"

“Because to you they would, for a while at least, afford means of pleasure and amusement which you had not before enjoyed, but Mr. Malton has always had them, and therefore probably receives no more gratification from them than you do from the things that you have been accustomed to.”

“Then it all depends on what one has been used to,” said Henry.

“That is certainly the main thing to be considered,” said his father; “and this reflection is the best safeguard against discontent, in any situation of life; and, however inferior that situation may be, it always depends on our own conduct to make it happy or not.”

“I think I understand what you mean, papa,” said Henry; “and I dare say I shall not again fancy Mr. Malton so much happier than myself, for all his fine park, and horses, and carriages.”



---

C. Whittingham, Chiswick.









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